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A PASTORAL BISHOP

Photo: Russell & Sons.

+ Alexander
Bishop of Argyll & the Isles

October 1890.

A PASTORAL BISHOP

A MEMOIR

OF

ALEXANDER CHINNERY-HALDANE, D.D.

SOMETIME BISHOP OF ARGYLL AND THE ISLES

BY

THOMAS ISAAC BALL, LL.D.

PROVOST OF CUMBRAE CATHEDRAL

WITH THREE PORTRAITS

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

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PREFACE

I HAVE endeavoured, before all things, in this work to set forth before my readers a human document.

I have, therefore, reversed the order which I have noticed is frequently, perhaps generally, observed in "Lives," or biographies. The story of the life comes first, and then, as a kind of summing up, a character sketch, with an epitome of opinions, is given. There are advantages in this order, but it seems to me that it is not in this way that human things generally proceed. Do we not, as a rule, feel interest in a man's life-story because we have first become interested in himself? A man's character strikes us as attractive, his opinions seem to us worthy of attention; and so we want to know the story of his life, and to trace if we can the influences which formed these opinions, and the influence these opinions have had on the life. For if it be partially true, as it certainly is within limits, that a man's opinions are to some extent the result of his environment, it is also true that every man contributes to the making of his own environment, and that the way in which he does this is the result of his opinions.

I have then endeavoured, first of all, to show the Bishop as he was in the maturity of his age, in

character, in belief, in religious position; those who by reading of this have their interest in the man roused, quickened, or enlightened, will, I think, certainly wish to know something of the life which the man formed for himself, and which in turn helped to form the man.

I have called this work a "Memoir," that is, a remembrance, and I am the one who here remembers; this being so, I have found it difficult to keep the recognition of my own personality as much out of the Memoir as I could have wished. Newman says somewhere, that sometimes egotism is the truest modesty. Surely this is a wise saying. An elaborate attempt to appear as if one were keeping one's personality out of sight, is in reality more ostentatious than to allow one's personality to appear when simplicity would take it for granted that it would do so. Though I have not been at the trouble to conceal myself under ambiguous or roundabout periphrases, I trust that I do not intrude unpleasantly into the course of the history.

I have hoped that beside helping men in their love of the good and beautiful, by presenting them with the picture of a pure and devoted life, I may have also helped English Churchmen to understand a little better the way in which a Church, which is an integral part of the great Anglican Communion, does its work in the Northern Kingdom; a subject about which English Churchmen are too often strangely uninterested, and lamentably ignorant. Not infrequently even highly placed ecclesiastics have a better and more accurate idea of the history and position of their Communion in China than they

have of the history, the position, the prospects, the working, of their Sister Church over the border. This is neither intelligent nor creditable.

The Bishop once told a mutual friend, that we, he and I, agreed absolutely on every point, save one. (I am not quite sure what exception he may have had in his mind when saying this.) No doubt this was true as far as entire agreement in great leading beliefs and principles is concerned; but it is fair to say that with regard to these, also with regard to lesser things, there were certain shades of difference in opinion between the Bishop and myself. In my record of his beliefs and opinions I have striven to express exactly what he himself said, without comments of my own as to the tenability of these opinions or the reverse. But this absence of comment is not to be taken as always indicating complete agreement.

On his death-bed the Bishop expressed the wish that if anything in the shape of a Memoir were written of him, I would undertake the task. This must be my apology for having presumed to write this book. In all that I have written I have endeavoured to write as the beloved and revered subject of my memories would have wished me to write. I have tried, in the first place, to be simply true: what is the value of anything that is written if it be not true? The life that I have dealt with was a singularly sincere and true life, and it would be a wrong done to it to write of it otherwise than truly. "Love the truth and peace," says the Prophet, and I trust that in seeking to write truly I have not forgotten the duty of being peaceable; I

trust that I have written nothing that will stir strife, or mar peace on earth among men of good-will. May all that is written tend *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. May God accept all that attains this end. If in anything I have proved unfaithful in my pursuit of this end, may God forgive me.

I must gratefully acknowledge the kindness with which relations and friends of the beloved Bishop have put letters and other documents at my disposal. Some of these have requested that their names should not be mentioned as having contributed in this way to the work; perhaps it will be better to observe this rule with regard to all, and to ask all who have helped me to accept this general expression of my gratitude. Even when letters have not been quoted they have often been of assistance by the side-light they have thrown on the Bishop's actions or opinions.

Two exceptions I must make to my rule of reticence with regard to the names of my kind helpers. I cannot refrain from saying that without the unstinted care and attention which Mrs. Chinnery-Haldane graciously accorded to every inquiry which I brought before her, when preparing this Memoir, the work could scarcely have been brought to completion at all; I am no less indebted to her for her discriminating revision of the book when in manuscript. Those who read this Memoir will not need to be told how greatly I am in the debt of Canon Duncan for his valuable contribution to it.

The Editor of the *Guardian* has courteously permitted me to make use, here and there, of

matter contributed by me to that paper on the occasion of the Bishop's death and obsequies.

The Portrait which forms the frontispiece to this Memoir, and that which faces Chapter IX., are reproduced from photographs taken in the studio of Messrs. J. Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, Portman Square, London. The Portrait which precedes the last chapter is from a photograph by Kate Pragnell, 39, Brompton Square, London.

In both cases the artists have been obliging enough to consent to the reproduction of their pictures in this work.

THOS. I. BALL.

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PORTRAIT OF THE BISHOP, October, 1890 . *Frontispiece*

From a Photograph by Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

PORTRAIT—July, 1897 124

From a Photograph by Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

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A PASTORAL BISHOP

CHAPTER I

CHARACTER

PERHAPS no human character would be found unworthy of study, if only we could know enough about it. But, whatever may be the case with the rank-and-file of average men and women, certainly the character of one who exercised over his fellow-men a very real though unobtrusive influence (which extended more widely than was generally supposed) must be eminently worthy of careful consideration and thoughtful study; it is sure to be interesting, and there will be much to be learned from it.

Usually the first thing that struck those who came to know Bishop Chinnery-Haldane was, a quiet, self-possessed urbanity, accompanied by great modesty and charming courtesy in manner.

This courtesy was a very marked characteristic. It could not be called "courtly" politeness, for it lacked just the touch of artificiality which a "courtly" manner implies. It was something of a higher quality, it was the genuine product of a refined and considerate mind. The more one came

to know the man, the more one found that his courtesy was part of himself, it was no mere superadded acquirement.

The Bishop's courtesy was, in fact, based on the principle expressed in the words, "in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than himself." No one was more ready than he to recognize the respect and consideration justly demanded by rank and position, yet he never seemed to claim anything that was due to him, in these respects, for himself, and he certainly never failed in courtesy towards others because of their low estate.

As might be expected in one who was pre-eminently "a man," this courtesy was exercised specially in intercourse with women. He was greatly scandalized at the free and easy manners of men, specially of young men, towards women in these times. "When I was a young man," he used to say, "I looked upon a lady as almost a goddess to be worshipped; but the young men of the present day——!" Nothing hurt or disturbed and vexed him more than to come across any exhibition of rudeness and discourtesy.

And there was more than only consideration for what was due, in manners, to others in all this. Never was there a tenderer heart, more ready to feel with those in pain or sorrow, or more anxious and ready to relieve them, at no matter what cost to himself.

Those who made acquaintance with this gentle-mannered, courteous, and considerate man, were, perhaps naturally, inclined to look on him as one

of weak, if amiable, character, easily led where those whom he trusted would wish him to go. "I suppose you do what you like with your Bishop," said one to me. I forget what my answer was; but it was unexpected. For those who came to know Alexander Chinnery-Haldane well, whether as Bishop or otherwise, found that behind this gentle manner there was a power of fixed determination which could be turned from its end neither by his nearest, his dearest, nor his most trusted relations or friends.

When this characteristic was mentioned to some one who knew the Bishop fairly well, but not intimately, his remark was, "The usual obstinacy of a weak character!" But no judgment could have been more mistaken.

The distinguishing feature of genuine obstinacy is that it is impervious to reason. *Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas*, is the motto of the obstinate man. But the Bishop's firmness was founded on principle, and was amenable to reason.

There was in his mind a delicate conscientiousness and a simple sincerity that would not allow him to commit himself, in word or action, to anything that his mind did not approve of as entirely right. His mind and judgment must always approve of what he did or said. Those who became aware of this quality, and had dealings with him during his episcopate, felt that it gave unusual weight to all his works and words, and did much to increase confidence in him as a ruler. Possibly sometimes his careful conscientiousness

was carried to a needless extreme; but it was a fault that leaned to virtue's side.

But though nothing could move him from an adopted course, as long as he was fully persuaded in his own mind that it was the right one, the Bishop never refused an ear to argument and reason, and was quite capable of honestly acknowledging that his mind was changed, when he was once fairly converted.

And here one has to notice a non-moral quality of mind which strongly influenced the Bishop in the exercise of his moral and intellectual qualities, and which laid him open to very serious misconception in more ways than one. I refer to the extreme slowness with which his mind moved. I believe that physically he had a very slow circulation. As to whether this was the cause or not of his mental slowness, I will not venture to give an opinion, but the mental slowness was extreme.

When pressed with reasons for changing an opinion or line of conduct, the Bishop would appear to be entirely unaffected by them. But he neither ignored nor forgot them; they were stored in his mind, pondered on again and again, and sometimes, after the lapse even of *years*, it would be found that they had produced their effect and had brought about a change of action or opinion.

This slowness affected not merely his mental processes, but many other things connected with character and conduct. It affected his manner of officiating in church, and specially at the Altar. Of this the Bishop was painfully conscious, and endeavoured to master it, but the peculiarity proved

too strong for him. He even gave himself a set time within which his celebration of the Eucharist was to be comprised, and celebrated with his watch on the Altar, that he might be able to compel himself to keep within the assigned limits; but it was of no use.

A result of this characteristic was that the Bishop never seemed able to be economical in his use of time. He was unable to pass with ordinary quickness from one occupation to another. He was without any innate sense of the need of punctuality. If he had been left simply to his own devices in the management of house or church, it is difficult to say when meals or services would have begun; or, if begun, when they would have ended. But so great was his mastery over himself, and so strong his sense of what is due to others, that when he was with punctual people, he was himself among the most punctual. When, in later years, he stayed with us at Cumbrae, either as guest or to take part in a Retreat, he was always strictly up to time both as to social and ecclesiastical appointments. All this must have implied a great deal of self-discipline on the part of a naturally unpunctual man.

Another characteristic which gave the Bishop great trouble was an extremely faulty memory; and this naturally grew worse as years and cares increased. Like most faulty memories, the Bishop's was very capricious. One was often surprised at small things vividly remembered, when more important things were forgotten. I may mention a curious instance of the way in which

the Bishop's faithless memory was apt to fail. A form of Special Service for use in the diocese on the King's Coronation Day had to be prepared. The Bishop and myself happened both to be in London, and he invited me to his hotel, to sup with him, and to compile the desired form of service—a kind of work that always keenly interested him. I went, as arranged, and we spent some hours over our work. I found, only a few months afterwards, that the entire occurrence, with all that was connected with it, had clean gone out of his memory, and nothing that I reminded him of could in any way recall it!

Two things would probably be taken for granted beforehand by those who might hear of a man of slow-moving mind combined with a fickle memory: he could not be trusted to keep appointments; he would be a bad correspondent. Neither of these was true of the Bishop. By means of an exactly written-up note-book he managed to remind himself of all his appointments, of which I never *knew* him to omit to keep even one. Of course such a lapse may have occurred, but I never heard of a case of it.

And as to correspondence, never was there so prompt and painstaking an answerer of letters. His scrupulous conscientiousness and consideration for others would never allow him to depute to anybody the answering of a letter to which he thought a reply might be expected from himself. And in his replies every point was gone into with careful completeness. God and good Angels only know the hours and hours, snatched from sorely needed

sleep, which the Bishop spent, not once and again, but continually, over his correspondence. He would often prolong his work till 2 a.m.; occasionally he has gone on till 4 or 5 a.m., when he has lain down for an hour or two's sleep, and has risen again in time to celebrate at 8 or 8.30 a.m. That all this was prudent, no one will say; it is anguish to think that it probably contributed to the evil which cut short his life.

A notable feature of the Bishop's character was a gracious optimism. He always hoped for the best, both as to persons and things. But this optimism was not blind; it gave way surely, if very slowly, before the indisputable evidence of facts. With persons, he nearly always began by seeing something laudable or attractive in them, and, if pressed to acknowledge the unpleasant qualities of some undeniably dreadful person, he was wont to evade a condemnation by saying, "But I think he is a *good* man." This was his last resource.

He was tender to evil-doers, and sought to shield them from the consequences of their sins rather than to bring them to judgment. A dishonest servant was convicted of stealing some of the Bishop's clothes; he had to be dismissed, but his master said to him, "I *give* you those things which you took from me; keep them as a present from me." In referring to the incident, the Bishop said, "I could not bear the thought of a few miserable clothes of mine being a cause of sin to that man's conscience."

But, like all righteous men, he was capable of

high indignation at certain forms of sin. One thing that outraged him specially was cruelty in any form to man or beast. He used to say, "We are required by the Gospel to forgive doers of all manner of wrongs and injuries; but I don't think this includes the cruel man." Other moral evils filled him with almost unpitying wrath. Once in his hearing some one expressed sympathy with a clergyman who, from a high position, had fallen into shame and humiliation through some grievous crime; in a hard, stern voice, which I could hardly recognize as his, the Bishop said, "I am not sorry for him at all; I would SCOURGE him."

The really strong, overmastering element in the Bishop's character has yet to be mentioned—I mean his deep and profound religiousness. If any one ever possessed the *anima naturaliter Christiana*, surely he did. Religiousness manifests itself after various types. The theological and ecclesiastical form which the Bishop's religiousness assumed is dealt with elsewhere; here it may be enough to note that it was of the intensely reverent type; his soul was largely endowed with the gift which theologians call *pietas*. "Reverence and godly fear" eminently characterized his religion; yet it was without the "fear" that perfect love casts out; it was rather the fear of the adoring seraphim, overwhelmed by a sense of the Majesty of the Thrice Holy, that dwelt in the Bishop's soul. How far he was habitually conscious of the presence of God, it is not for man to say; but I am sure that what he said of his revered friend, Mr. Mackonochie, was equally true of himself: "If

he were called away from the midst of a dinner-party to hear a dying man's confession, I am sure the summons would find him in a fit state of mind to fulfil the duty."

Although the Bishop had, in early life, derived much of the religious impressions which made so profound a mark on him from Evangelicals of a type much given to bringing pious phrases into ordinary conversation, in season and out of season, there was not in him a trace of this habit. Probably his deeply reverential mind shrank from treating references to the sacred things of God and the soul as current coin in ordinary talk. Though he might say nothing he was not unseldom keenly hurt by the way in which even good people, in social conversation, seem sometimes to overstep the bounds of reverence by light allusions to hallowed things. He was almost Jewish in his anxiety that no printed paper which contained any Divine Name should be put to a profane use. Church newspapers, with reports of sermons, etc., he insisted should be burned, and would not allow them to be used for packing, etc.

This intense, ever-present, religiousness did not shed a gloom over the Bishop's life: far from it, a calm cheerfulness was habitual to him, and his sense of humour, though it moved, perhaps, rather slowly, was quite genuine, and was always ready to come into play. Nor did his religiousness prevent him from taking a keen interest in human things; in persons, and indeed in almost anything that had in it "any virtue or any praise." He was no artist, but his ideas on art were carefully

developed, and were not contemptible; sculpture and architectural detail did not appeal to him, but he knew a good picture from a bad or inferior one, and he had an appreciative knowledge of the works of the older painters. He was no musician, and the tone of his voice (though neither harsh nor unpleasant in private or public speaking) represented, according to a skilled musician, no discoverable note in music, yet he had a discriminating taste in music,—he at least knew what he liked and disliked, and could give a comprehensible reason for his preferences. He had a genuine appreciation of refined poetry. He was fond of botany, and knew something about it. Genealogy and heraldry were also favourite subjects of study and investigation.

His favourite recreation was some form of athletic exercise, but during "evenings at home" he could enjoy a game of whist; he was not, however, an accomplished player. With regard to his love of exercise, I remember an amusing incident. Some time after his consecration as Bishop, I was strolling with him one evening along a lonely road in the Isle of Cumbrae; he asked if any one were likely to come by, for, he said, he had not had a chance of a good run for some days, and it would be a great refreshment if he could take one then without shocking people with the sight of a Bishop tearing along the road like a maniac. I assured him that he might reckon on privacy; he stripped off coat and hat (which I held), and for a short time he raced up and down the road in approved athletic fashion.

Among what may be called minor traits of character, one must not fail to notice the Bishop's strict regard of propriety in everything that could demand it. Foppishness would have been impossible to him, but he was always scrupulously careful in dress, and was annoyed to observe the reverse in others.

Those who have taken the pains to synthetise the varied elements of the solid and interesting character which I have endeavoured to describe, will readily see that its possessor could not fail to exercise a strong influence within the sphere in which he moved. But the Bishop's influence was not equally powerful with all sorts and conditions of human beings. He was mainly influential with the grown-up. There was in him a dignified, kindly sincerity, entirely without "side" or cant, which recommended itself to men; while an unfailing, gracious courtesy appealed to what is best and most womanly in women. There was, however, a complete want of sympathetic *rapport* between the Bishop and the young. Children, and especially boys, he confessed were utterly unattractive to him. He was entirely aware of this, and regretted it, but could not help it. Speaking once of some youths whom he feared he had failed to influence for good, he said, with a pathos that was comic (though it was not meant to be so), "But what could I do? I could not skip and dance into the room, crying, 'Come along, boys, and let's have a jolly time together!'" One assured him that *this* was not the sort of thing that was wanted.

He said himself, of his failure to understand and

to attract the young, that he feared that it was because of his want of inward purity of heart. But, unless a singularly pure and blameless life were a deception, the cause did not lie where he would have put it. The cause was more probably to be looked for in that extreme mental slowness which has been spoken of above. The young are quick and changeful in their moods, and find it difficult to take things with any great amount of seriousness; there was a natural and unconquerable incompatibility between this phase of human nature, and a man to whom deliberation was a necessity, and who made even the smaller things of life a matter of conscience.

One peculiarity of the Bishop's character must not be left unmentioned, and that is his inability to estimate the value of money, and his want of business capacity. The first deficiency was, partly at least, the result of defective early training; he was never, either as youth or young man, educated (so to speak) in the use of money. There is a story told of him as a schoolboy, which if not exactly true, is very characteristic. It is said, that he was going to spend the day with a school-fellow, and found his purse ill-supplied. No member of the family was at home, so he rang the bell, and when the butler appeared, he said, "Bring some money, please." As though money, like tea or biscuits, were kept in a tin in the pantry, to be taken out by the spoonful or handful when required! His family means were limited, but when a large fortune was put at his disposal, he was inclined to lavish it, always however on the Church,

on charities, on the necessitous; but on personal self-indulgence he never cared to spend one penny. Like most men of his disposition, his inability to estimate money at its real value, sometimes made him inclined to think that charges were extravagant when they were not so, in fact. But he was always ready humbly to acknowledge that he was probably wrong.

As to the second deficiency named (want of business capacity), it was more apparent than real. His extreme slowness of mind made it very difficult for him to take in the exact bearing of business matters; but when at last he did take it in, his judgment was usually sound.

CHAPTER II

RELIGIOUS OPINIONS

I CAN imagine that it might be said—As Bishop Chinnery-Haldane has no claim to be considered a a man of unusual learning, nor a propagator of original opinions, is it not waste of time to write or read anything in detail about his religious beliefs? He professed the Catholic Faith; is not all said when this has been said?

To this I would reply, that the same Faith assumes varied aspects as it is reflected in and from various types of mind. This is the case even among those who accept as authoritative definitions of *credenda* which leave the least possible margin for variety. No one would say that the Faith as presented by a Newman, would wear exactly the same aspect as the same Faith expounded by a Manning. Or to go further back, and to take a wider example, Dominicans and Franciscans and Jesuits all accepted and accept the same theological definitions, yet their variations in interpreting them are notorious.

Over many the late Bishop of Argyll possessed a spiritual power which influenced them greatly; to them, a word or opinion from him was of no ordinary value. They will like to know how many things

that concern the Faith common to us all appeared when reflected in his mind.

And to all students of religious human nature it will be of interest to study the aspect of certain truths and dogmas of Christianity which appealed to a man of such marked character as the Bishop.

Nothing in his religion was, to the Bishop, a mere idle acceptance of traditional ideas, or of other people's opinions; he "proved all things" and held fast to that which he believed to be good as the result of trained and matured conviction. His earnest devotion to the active life gave him no opportunity for the study of the more elaborate theological works which from time to time appear. But, in his student days, he read carefully and mastered accurately the greater works of many of those standard divines, who are generally admitted to be the Doctors of Anglican Theology, and all through his life he studied the lesser theological works of men of note, and kept himself *au courant* with the flow of religious thought by reading the reviews of contemporary literature in the more important periodicals. When travelling, one item in his luggage was a small wooden box, supplied with books; these were almost invariably theological; he spent no time in merely ornamental or amusing reading; but in the train, on the boat, in his own room, he not only read about, but *studied*, some theological or ecclesiastical question, by the aid of some book from his wooden box; these books, by the pencil marks in them, and by the analytical notes at the end, bore witness to the pains which he took to be continually learning

and thinking, and this continued to the end of his life.

The Bishop's native modesty made him shrink from ever obtruding his opinion; he never attempted to shine in argument, nor to draw attention to his own view of matters under discussion. But when it was a duty to do so, he could state his case with a quiet precision and accuracy which occasioned surprise in those who knew the man only slightly. One who in ecclesiastical matters was generally in disagreement with, and sometimes in opposition to him, and who was not disposed to estimate his intellectual powers highly, expressed his great surprise at the way in which the Bishop, when brought to the point, would show that he had a firm and accurate grasp of some difficult subject.

The religious opinions of such a man as Bishop Chinnery-Haldane are surely worth a little attention from more than one point of view.

The immovable foundation of the Bishop's religion was certainly laid in his youth, through his education in the old orthodox Evangelical school. As I was brought up in that same school myself, I am personally able to realize what the effect of that education would be. My intercourse in later years with men of the Evangelical school has been somewhat restricted, so I do not know how things may stand at present, but when the Bishop and I received our religious training, the great central doctrine of the orthodox Evangelical school was a passionate belief in the Very Godhead of our Blessed Lord; this doctrine, far more than correct

views about Justification by Faith, was to men of that school the *articulus stantis aut cadentis Ecclesiæ*. No doubt the doctrine was often held with a great deal of theological inaccuracy, but it *was* held, and held with an intense and uncompromising faith. I remember my own father, a fervent Protestant, saying that no doubt good Roman Catholics might be saved as they believed in Christ's Deity, but that anything but the worst doom could await Socinians and Unitarians was not to be thought of for a moment. I remember, too, as a child, shrinking from going too near to a Socinian lady, as though from contact with an infected person. These personal reminiscences may, I hope, be excused, as they serve to illustrate the matter in hand.

That Faith in the Godhead of Christ which Bishop Chinnery-Haldane received as a child became the very breath of life to his religion. In the atmosphere of that Faith he lived and moved and had his religious being. As he grew in years and knowledge, he built himself up in his intellectual appreciation of that Faith by reading, by study, by argument, by meditation, by the tenour of his devotions. While as to many matters, (as we shall have occasion to note) time and circumstances caused his opinions to change and to be modified, as to *this* there was no change in him, except perhaps that as years increased he held to his Faith, in this point, with an ever-increasing intensity. And his acceptance of this Faith did not consist in the mere mental appreciation of what was to him a favourite or attractive dogma or

doctrine, it was rather that adoring and affectionate loyalty to a Person, which a soul can only render to One whom it accepts as God Most High, and Supreme Benefactor. At the thought of Christ, his spirit rejoiced in God his Saviour.

In ordering and maturing his intellectual conception and conviction of this his Faith, the Bishop was quite content to accept as final the presentation of it set forth by Catholic authority, notably in the Nicene Creed. Faith in the Godhead of Christ was naturally and inevitably accompanied by a firm belief in the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity. The clear and precise dogmatic statements of the Athanasian Creed were to him a source of positive enjoyment, and he delighted in repeating them. But he came to admit that the warning (or minatory) clauses were fairly open to misconception, and might reasonably be taken to express what they were never intended to mean. He was attracted by the Dean of Westminster's theory about the frame as distinguishable from the picture, though he hesitated about accepting it as wholly satisfactory.

It was suggested to him in conversation that the difficult clauses might be paraphrased, and given a positive rather than their present negative meaning, somewhat in this fashion—

"Whosoever desireth to attain to salvation: before all things let him hold fast the Catholic Faith.

"And if he keep this Faith whole and undefiled: without doubt he shall be saved everlastingly.

"Now the Catholic Faith is this, etc. . . .

"He therefore that would attain to salvation: let him thus think of the Trinity.

"Furthermore, for the attainment of everlasting salvation: let him also believe rightly the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"For the right Faith is, etc . . .

"This is the Catholic Faith: and if a man believe it faithfully and firmly he shall certainly be saved."

The Bishop said he would welcome such a paraphrase as this, which without compromising any doctrine would remove most difficulties. But it must be remembered that this was an *obiter dictum.*

As to the doctrine of the Atonement, it is enough to say that the Bishop was a disciple of St. Anselm. He carefully studied and mastered the teaching put forth on that subject in the Saint's *Cur Deus Homo?* and it satisfied him.

The danger of "particular devotions" is well-known to theologians; their adoption and propagation is only too apt to disturb the "proportion of Faith." The Bishop in his later years developed what might be called a particular devotion to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. Although the moderation and profoundly reverent tone of his own mind prevented this from producing any unfortunate theological result as far as he himself was concerned, it may be doubted whether the effect of his influence, in this matter, was altogether wholesome as far as others were concerned.

The place which the Church occupied in the Bishop's religion was simply that indicated in the

Creeds, where belief in the Church is set forth as the (may we not say "necessary"?) corollary of belief in the Holy Spirit. The Bishop's conception of the Church was the "Catholic," as distinguished from the "Papal" conception.

And here I may say, once for all, that I use, in these Memoirs, the terms "Catholic" and "Protestant" (as they are ordinarily used at the present day by educated persons) to signify two opposed conceptions of the Christian religion. I am perfectly aware of the argumentative legerdemain practised by some writers, whereby it is endeavoured to show that what is usually termed "Protestant," is in fact only the same thing as what is in fact genuinely "Catholic;" and that the things for which the term "Catholic" is claimed, are in reality essentially "Protestant." And that therefore the more "Protestant" you are, the more truly "Catholic" you are at the same time; and *vice versa*. Despite the ingenuity lavished on this trifling with the generally accepted meaning of common terms, no one is really deceived by it, and educated people will understand exactly what I mean by the use I shall make of these terms, which I shall employ as they are commonly understood.

As the Bishop held the Church to be a divine creation, a living body, of which the animating spirit is the Holy Ghost; he accepted without reserve everything that could make good a claim to be approved by the mind of the Church; he agreed with those who regard as a satisfactory test of what is, or is not, to be received as enjoying the sanction of the "whole Catholic Church of Christ"

the well-known rule laid down by St. Vincent of Lérins, that whatever can be proved to be, or to have been, accepted, *semper*, *ubique*, *ab omnibus*, is to be regarded as possessing Catholic sanction; a rule which, despite the fact that it is not always easy to apply it convincingly in practice, nevertheless possesses a solid value of its own, which has made it, and which will continue to make it, a helpful guide to minds of more than one class in matters of religion.

About the Sacraments the Bishop believed as Catholics generally believe. He had what one may call a great devotion to the Sacrament of Baptism, and often spoke of the happiness he experienced in administering it. He was specially careful that the pouring of the water should be so copious as to be a real ablution. In the case of his own infant sons he secured that they should be baptized by immersion.

Originally the Bishop accepted the teaching about the Minister of Baptism which is authoritatively sanctioned in the Latin Church, and very generally received among Anglicans. That teaching is, that all other necessary conditions being complied with, the status of the Minister of Baptism is a matter of indifference so far as the essential validity of the rite is concerned. Any Baptism, administered according to Christ's ordinance, is valid Baptism, is "of Christ," whoever the Minister may be. After being some years in the episcopate, the Bishop was induced, by the arguments of a learned friend, followed by reading and investigation on his own account, to doubt if this teaching

really represents the mind of the whole Catholic Church on the subject. Specially he became convinced that the mind of the Eastern Churches was not clearly at one with the Latin Church as to this. Nor did he think the Anglican Church committed to the current Latin Doctrine. He did not think that this doctrine could stand the Vincentian test, and he came seriously to doubt the validity of Baptisms not administered by validly ordained ministers. As the position which he ultimately assumed towards this question has been much misunderstood, it may be well here to state precisely what it was. The Bishop did not profess to decide the question. He maintained that the mind of the whole Church was at least not clearly manifested concerning it. He did not undertake to assert that all lay Baptisms under all circumstances were certainly invalid. But he considered that the validity of such Baptisms was dubious. Such being the case, he could not (he felt) act officially with regard to lay Baptisms as if they were certainly valid. He could not, consequently, either confirm or ordain any who had not been baptized, at least conditionally, by a minister of apostolic ordination, Bishop, Priest, or Deacon. The adoption of this attitude with regard to lay Baptism involved the Bishop in some distressing difficulties.

The Bishop's belief as to the Holy Eucharist may be best described as being that phase of Catholic doctrine on this Mystery which is set forth in the works of such writers as Keble and Pusey. Controversies about Transubstantiation,

and such-like subtilties, did not in truth interest him. He was content to leave them on one side. That the bread and wine verily and indeed "become," through consecration, the Body and Blood of the Living Christ, was enough for him. He believed and adored; and he was ready without reserve to accept all the practical consequences of this belief. For instance, he thought the service of "Benediction" as practised in the Latin Church beautiful and edifying, and valued the privilege of being present at it, when travelling on the Continent. While he did not think that the use of such a service in Anglican Churches could be justified, he had no hard words to say of those who thought otherwise.

As to the Eucharistic Sacrifice, holding the faith which he did, the Bishop did not think that, due reverence being secured, it could be too frequently celebrated. When leading his normal life at home, his practice was to celebrate every morning, and he took personal charge of all the arrangements in his chapel, that it might always be in a state of preparation for the Daily Sacrifice. When from home, he lost no opportunity of Communion, or of Celebration, or at least of assisting at the Mysteries; but in this, as in (one may say) *all* such matters, he acted with a moderation, and a discretion, without fuss or ostentation, which drew no attention to his devotion.

The Bishop had a dread of merely formal, or unprepared Communions; he thought that there was great danger in the indiscriminate pressing of frequent Communion, as a duty, on all and sundry,

which is rather characteristic of some High Churchmen. I remember his once writing to me that in some church in his diocese, he was "glad" to say that there had been *fewer* communicants than on a similar occasion the previous year. He had had reason to fear that there had been laxity in preparation among the people in that place, and he hoped the fewer numbers were a sign of greater seriousness on their part.

It is almost needless to say of one who believed, as the Bishop believed, concerning the authority of Catholic tradition, and concerning the Eucharist, that he was a scrupulous observer of the rule of celebrating and communicating fasting; though in pressing the observance of this rule on others he used a cautious moderation.

The Bishop did not see, in constant and frequent assistance at the Eucharist without sacramental reception, any of the spiritual dangers which may beset great frequency of Communion, nor did he attach the least importance to the imaginary evils which a certain school of Anglicans endeavour to conjure up as sure to accompany this pious practice. Experience among ourselves, and the results of Continental practice as to this matter (and with all this the Bishop was intimately acquainted), conclusively show that what is rather clumsily called "non-communicating attendance" does not encourage a disregard of the duty of oral Sacramental Communion. If it is urged that the writings of the sixteenth-century Reformers show us that the practice does produce the dreaded disregard; it may be answered, that the Reformers lived in a

period when prejudice and passion were at white heat, that their denunciations and accusations must be received with extreme caution; and further, that we do not live in the sixteenth century, that the spiritual dangers prevalent now differ *toto cælo* from those which prevailed then, and that it is irrational to argue that what was said or done in religious matters then is wholesomely applicable to the present state of things. Experience at home and abroad convinced the Bishop of the high spiritual value of non-communicating attendance which he encouraged in every way in his power, among children and adults, rich and poor, educated and uneducated. The Scottish Liturgy is hampered by no rubrics requiring a certain number of communicants; this Liturgy is so extensively used in the diocese, that the Bishop found no rubrical or canonical hindrance to the encouragement he gave to his priests to celebrate as frequently as their devotion moved them, whether they could reckon on the attendance of communicants or not, in accordance with the sentiment attributed to Bishop Overall,[1] "Better were it to endure the absence of the people, than for the minister to neglect the usual and Daily Sacrifice of the Church, by which all people, whether they be there or no, reap so much benefit."

The Bishop had no objection whatever to the

[1] John Overall, 1559-1619; Bishop of Norwich, 1618. The opinion quoted is attributed to him in that curious and sometimes contradictory collection of Notes on the Prayer-book, once believed to be the work of Bishop Cosin, but the authorship of which is now a matter of controversy. The Notes are to be found in vol. v. of the Works of Cosin, in the Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology.

use of the term "Mass" as applicable to the Anglican Liturgy, in any of its forms; he frequently employed it himself, though always with prudent regard to the prejudices and predilections of those in whose company he might find himself.

But though the Bishop could thus accept as convenient and allowable the use of the term Mass, he had the very greatest dislike to the Ordinary and Canon of the Roman Mass. His objection was, that the wording of that Liturgy is inconsistent with Catholic belief as to the Eucharist, and it was based on those well-known passages which, it must be confessed, Latin theologians have the greatest difficulty in explaining at all, and of which, perhaps, no explanation, really satisfactory to modern minds, has ever been given. The Bishop could not stand the high-sounding epithets applied to the unconsecrated bread and wine at the Offertory, which are in truth precisely the very terms applied to them after they have been consecrated, and adored, as Body and Blood of Christ. *Immaculata Hostia*, and *Calix salutaris*, at the Offertory; *Hostia immaculata*, and *Calix salutis*, after consecration. Nor could he abide the prayer in the Canon (*Supra quæ*, etc.), which seems to ask that the Sacrifice presented in the Mass, which is none other than an efficacious Memorial of Christ's Oblation of Himself, may be regarded by God as being acceptable in the same way as the typical sacrifices offered by Abel, Abraham, and Melchisedech. This seemed to him almost blasphemous. The difficulties raised by these well-known passages were, to the Bishop, insufferable.

Sacramental Confession was held in highest esteem by the Bishop; but he regarded it more as a means of receiving assurance of pardon from one who, by Christ's authority committed to him, had power to absolve the penitent from all his sins, than as a means of procuring spiritual guidance. Absolution rather than direction, was the end the Bishop sought for through Sacramental Confession. I do not think that he ever materially altered the view of this matter which he expressed in a letter written in the earlier days of his ministry: "Am I wrong, but I am *so* glad not to have any director? But I feel I cannot go often enough to Confession. The oftener the better for peace of mind. Who the priest is, I care *exceedingly little*, so long as he is a respectable man. . . . The true Absolver is our Lord Jesus Christ, and the true Director the Holy Spirit. I get our Lord's pardon through the priest, because He has so ordained it, but I think the Holy Spirit works more through the public preaching of the Word." Though the Bishop both publicly and privately encouraged the use of Sacramental Confession, he shrank from pressing its use on the unwilling or half-unwilling; he had what some would think an exaggerated dread of insincere confessions, which he looked on as sacrileges, and he felt that it is better for a penitent to make no confession at all, than to make one that would be deliberately and intentionally incomplete. This kind of dread, though eminently justifiable, may obviously be allowed to influence unduly a pastor's dealing with souls.

The Bishop's belief in the inspired character of

the whole Scriptures was firm and sincere, and his reverence for, and delight in, the Holy Bible were profound. But in the course of years he was by no means uninfluenced by the critical method of treating the Scriptures which for a considerable time has been so much in vogue among scholars, both believing and sceptical. As regards the Old Testament, he candidly confessed that he was quite unable to deny that it presents many and serious difficulties to the faith of the Christian believer. Especially he felt that it is more than hard to reconcile the character of the Almighty, as depicted in the Books of the Old Law, with what is set before us to be believed, in the New Testament, of "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." I remember that when we were preparing for diocesan use a series of Epistles and Gospels for week-days in Lent, he desired me to find a substitute for Exod. xxxii. 7, etc., which the Roman-Sarum Missal assigns "for the Epistle" on Tuesday after Mid-Lent Sunday. He said that the representation there given of Jehovah being turned from His declared purpose by force of the poor motives urged on Him by Moses, was so discordant with the character of the Almighty as set before us by Christ, that he could not but think that the history, as there recited, is some legendary account that somehow has found its way, like many others, into the Divine Scriptures. He would not be responsible for setting forth this passage from Exodus as a special lesson. With regard to this, and other Old Testament difficulties, the Bishop was full of confidence that the Holy

Spirit will in time reveal to the mind of the Church how they ought to be regarded, and reconciled with Catholic belief in the inspiration of the Bible; meanwhile, he was content to wait for God's time for making these things plain.

He deeply regretted the amount of time and attention usually given in the religious instruction of the young to Old Testament subjects; time and attention which he considered out of proportion with the care taken to ground children in the knowledge of the Gospel story. Except so far as it bears on the New Testament, the Bishop was inclined to think it a matter of indifference whether children are taught anything about the Old Testament or not.

As to the New Testament, the Bishop followed with care the opinions put forth by believing critics as to the composition of the books that compose it, and accepted or rejected their conclusions according to the impression they made on his mind. What (to be accurate) must be called the "imaginings" rather than the "criticisms" of the Loisy school seemed to him to be so absolutely inconsistent with any belief in the Divine character of the Gospels, that he hardly cared to consider what was propounded by writers of this school. It did not seem to him to be worth while.

There are many who feel as the Bishop felt about Biblical difficulties; and some are apt because of their inability to see a way out of them to conclude that they have lost their faith, that their religion is gone, and that there is nothing left for them to do but to sink down into a hopeless

agnosticism, or worse. It may help such to have put before them the example of one whose faith in Christ and His Church continued firm to the end, but who nevertheless felt Old Testament difficulties as keenly as any could feel them.

For the Saints the Bishop felt, and exhibited, an earnest and profound reverence. He delighted to celebrate their feast-days, to study their histories, and in every way to perpetuate their memories. Pictures, and other things that recalled them to eye or mind, were sources of religious pleasure to him.

Specially was all this the case with the Blessed Mother of God. For her he felt something of that "all but adoring love" of which Keble speaks. He could well make his own, to the full extent of all that the words imply, the exclamation of Bishop Hall, "O Blessed Mary, he cannot bless thee, he cannot honour thee too much, that deifies thee not!" I remember his objecting to a clause in a Collect, which prayed that we might share in our Lady's heavenly joys, on the ground that it was presumptuous on our part to ask for a "share" in the blessedness of "so exalted a personage."

And this reverence was not a matter of words or sentiments only. In his private chapel a picture of the Virgin and Child hangs to the left of the Altar; before it, on a shelf, flowers are placed, and candles burn at times of prayer. The Bishop approved of the erection of a similar shrine in his parish church (St. Bride's, Onich), and of the placing of a statue of the Virgin with her Divine Child, in a chapel in his cathedral at Cumbrae, on

a pedestal which bears lights and flowers placed before the image. In a letter which he wrote to myself during a pastoral tour, he expressed the pleasure which it gave him to find that Keble's beautiful verses, "Ave Maria! blessed Maid," were sung in a church in his diocese.

Strange to say that with all this (which might truly be called a *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints), the Bishop shrank from approving of even the moderate amount of invocation involved in the *ora pro nobis*. He was, of course, too sound a Catholic, and too discriminating a theologian, to justify this repugnance on such foolish grounds as, that such invocation is in itself an offering to the creature of the homage due to God alone, and so forth. But as to the authority for the practice, the Bishop felt that if the Vincentian rule were applied to it, direct invocation of Saints could not claim to stand the test of *quod semper*. On this subject he certainly allowed himself to be haunted by the continual memory of the extravagant reliance which Latin Christians often appear to put in the intercessions of the Saints, he never seemed to be able to consider invocation apart from these abuses. In his later years, however, the Bishop considerably modified the vigour of his objections to *ora pro nobis*, and such like moderately expressed invocations, and made many admissions in answer to arguments urged in justification of the practice.[1] The great strength of his prejudice lay in the way in which certain prayers

[1] He freely circulated and recommended a theological manual in which invocations of the kind just mentioned are justified.

to the Saints certainly do seem in words to ignore the mediatorial office of the Incarnate Son, and his zeal for the honour of Christ made him intolerant towards such an abuse.

I do not think that the intricate questions which have been raised as to the present condition of those "who have gone before us with the sign of Faith, and who slumber in the sleep of peace," engaged the Bishop's interest; he was content to think of the faithful departed as "with Christ," Who is "Lord both of the dead and living," and Who is able and willing to make perfect the souls for which He died. And so the Bishop loved to commend in prayer the souls of those who have passed hence to that Divine power and mercy, specially when he offered "the Sacrifice of our Ransom" for them, as St. Augustine says, when speaking of the Mass celebrated at the funeral of his mother.

I once showed the Bishop's, and my own, dearly beloved friend, the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, a wood-cut in a French illustrated Catechism, representing the lost imprisoned among flames under a grating, over which the word ÆTERNITAS appears in fiery letters, and I remarked on the repulsiveness of the representation. Mr. Mackonochie agreed, and added, "Yes, one would like to be able to think that all will at last find refuge in the bosom of the Father." I repeated this to the Bishop, who said he could not at all accept this view of things. He thought that Scripture, as understood by the Church, leaves us no alternative but to believe that the final condemnation of the

wicked will be everlasting, a doom from which there can be no escape.

But (as I learned from several subsequent conversations with him on the subject) the Bishop did not think that the Bible and the Church require us to believe that this irremediable punishment will consist in the infliction on the lost for all eternity of sensible torment in soul and body. He said that the natural sense of justice which God has implanted in our minds forbids us to think that it would be *just* thus to punish even the most inhuman monster that ever lived. This punishment would be out of all proportion with the offence. A just God could not act thus, unless our sense of justice be a deception. It is true that some passages in the Bible seem to speak as if the final doom of sinners will involve them in suffering, but the general language of Scripture teaches us to speak of and to regard that doom as a "death," as everlasting death. Now the idea of death is inconsistent with the idea of continued consciousness. Death, as we know it, brings the cessation of all consciousness in the dead body. Scripture, too, sometimes speaks of the final doom as a destruction. Destruction, again, is inconsistent with continued consciousness. Evil, and the finally evil, will be struck with eternal death; will be destroyed. Scripture in many passages plainly teaches this, and those passages which speak of suffering should be explained by them, and not *vice versâ*.

When I asked the Bishop if he meant that the finally evil would be annihilated, and if he had

considered the difficulties that surround the contemplation of such a process as annihilation as even possible? he replied, that he did not mean to maintain anything that would fall under the technical definition of annihilation. Death and destruction, as we know them in this world, do not involve annihilation, and we have no reason to think that when these terms are used of something that will take place in the other world that the result there will be annihilation either. But to speak of any creature that once was living as dead or destroyed is inconsistent with the idea that it continues in a condition of active suffering; and this was all that the Bishop contended for.

On Predestination and Election the Bishop's mind inclined towards Augustinian or Thomist doctrine; but he shrank from any teaching that would appear to imply arbitrary reprobation on God's part. On this point the teaching of even St. Thomas Aquinas seemed to him to be "a hard saying."

CHAPTER III

ECCLESIASTICAL POSITION

In every religious body there are those who, having been brought up in it, remain contentedly and happily and conscientiously in it, greatly because, for whatever reason, their minds have never been really disturbed as to the rightfulness of their ecclesiastical position. They may have heard arguments urged against it, but to their minds these arguments appeared to be without weight, and so did not trouble their consciences.

This was far from being the case with Bishop Chinnery-Haldane. Brought up in the straitest sect of Evangelical Orthodoxy, he worked his way from a Protestant to the Catholic conception of the Christian Faith. He could hardly have escaped, in the course of time, having the claims of Rome pressed on his attention. And he did not escape this. Twice in his life he felt himself obliged seriously to face the Roman question. And once, at least, he had to give thought and prayer to a careful examination of the validity of the Anglican position, in itself, considered apart from the Roman controversy. These periods were to him veritable *crises*, and caused him keen perplexity, pain, and distress. But he came out of them all satisfied

that he was already where the Master called him to be, and that therefore he was on the only safe road.

But though he clung to the Anglican Church, and devoted all his powers of body and mind, and all the material resources at his disposal, to its service, lavishly and without stint, it was not at all because he had become convinced that it is a Church in a perfect, or in anything like a perfect condition. Indeed, speaking of one great source of scandal among us, he said, that (as to this), "I fear we are the most corrupt Church in the world." The abuses connected with the sale of patronage and with presentations to livings, which prevail in the Church of England, drew this remark from him. His devotion to the service of Christ in the Anglican Communion was inspired by his matured conviction that the Churches in that Communion are in valid and essential oneness with the great Catholic Church of Christ spread throughout the world.

The scandals and corruptions which exist in our Communion produced less effect on his allegiance because his study of ecclesiastical history had very strongly impressed him with the fact, that at no period, in any Church, had an ideal state of things as to doctrine, morals, or discipline, prevailed. The Church of Rome is shown in history to have been just as liable to lapses on all three points as any other Church. He looked on the search for a perfect Church as an endeavour to discover Utopia. A search for the non-existent. Wherever one turns, wherever one goes, one must be prepared

for shortcomings, abuses, scandals; to leave the part of the Church in which one's lot is cast by Providence because of the scandals there, is merely unreasonable impatience. One may not find the *same* scandals in another Church, but there will be others as bad; and if one doesn't see them, it will only be because one doesn't choose to see them.

The conviction that all this is true, greatly enabled the Bishop to preserve his stedfastness. He was wont to comment on the curiously illogical line of reasoning which some, who leave the Church of England for Rome, seem to find convincing, "The Church of England is wrong, *therefore* the Church of Rome must be right." The one proposition by no means demands the other as a necessary consequence. The Bishop's practical acquaintance with, and reverence for, the Eastern Churches, enabled him to appreciate the fact that where England may be in the wrong, Rome may be in the wrong also; the *tertium quid* which is the right, may perhaps be discovered in the Oriental Church.

With the Reformation and the Reformers of the sixteenth century, the Bishop was entirely out of sympathy. However much he may have valued some of the things in doctrine and practice contended for then, and by them, he abhorred the violence of the Reformers, their unrestrained and abusive language, their unfairness in controversy. He expelled their works from his library. I am sure he would have subscribed willingly to Keble's *dictum*, "Anything which separates the present Church from the Reformers I should hail as a

great good" (Liddon's "Life of Pusey," vol. ii. p. 71).

Although an optimist by nature, the Bishop was by no means optimistic in his estimate of the whole state of Christ's Church, militant here in earth. If there are corruptions and abuses in England, so are there in Rome. He used to compare the condition, as to this, of the Anglican Church to that of a person suffering from a scorbutic disease; the evil and the disfigurement it causes are painfully and hideously obvious; while he compared the condition of Rome to that of a person with fair unblemished skin, and beautiful complexion, suffering internally from the ravages of a consumptive malady. Anglicans are ever ready "to wash their dirty linen in public;" they proclaim their scandals at the top of the street. Romans, on the contrary, wisely keep theirs out of sight; but they exist for all that.

While the Bishop felt it to be our duty to bear, and not to flee from, our own scandals, he was fair enough to think the same with regard to Roman Catholics. He was not enthusiastic about conversions from Rome; he never encouraged them. For this reason he was hesitating in his sympathy with the Old Catholic movement on the Continent. He said had he been a Continental priest at the time of the proclamation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, he would have done his utmost conscientiously to accept whatever authority might have put before him; but if unable, he would quietly have retired into private life, he could not have aided any movement which to simple believers

would have had the appearance of schism, and which might result in upsetting the faith of the "little ones" of Christ. Of course there are other views of this difficult matter, of which, perhaps, the Bishop hardly appreciated the importance.

As years went on, while the Bishop came to feel less and less that Rome had any attraction for him, or any claim on his allegiance, he, at the same time, became more and more gentle and tolerant in his judgment of those who leave us for Rome. At one time his attitude towards these deserters was almost bitter in its severity. But all this passed away, and yet personally he was no nearer to Rome. I mentioned to him the case of a London lady, who had been used to enjoy the religious privileges afforded by such churches as St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and who was quite satisfied with all that she found there; circumstances compelled her to reside permanently in the country, where the only available Anglican church was in the hands of an extreme Low Churchman; she announced her intention of joining the Roman Church, not in the least (she said) because she had any real attraction to anything specifically Roman, nor because she was at all dissatisfied with anything in the Anglican Church, as she had known it in London, but simply because at the Roman Catholic chapel near her she would be afforded the sacramental means of help and consolation which the Prayer-book provides for, but which would be denied her at the parish church. On hearing the lady's resolution, the Bishop's comment was, "I don't see what else she could do." And yet, it was

about that same time that he said to me, "I could almost more easily imagine myself turning Presbyterian than becoming a Roman Catholic; I could imagine that circumstances might compel me to trust my soul to God's mercy, without the Sacraments, but I cannot imagine that anything could make me accept what I should have to accept were I to become a Roman Catholic." He could see that another might feel conscientiously obliged to take a line that would be impossible to himself. He did not regard his own bushel as the measure for every one's corn.

One thing which the Bishop especially felt that it would be impossible for him frankly to accept, and which he would have had to accept had he submitted to Roman authority, was the position accorded, practically at least, to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints in the economy of grace by preachers, by theological writers, and in books of devotion, in the Roman communion. He felt (especially with regard to our Lady) that the powers ascribed to saintly intercession by Roman Catholics, go beyond what can reasonably be looked for from "the effectual fervent prayers" of creatures making petition for each other.

And can those who know what is the teaching of such books as "The Glories of Mary" say that there was no reason for the Bishop's strong feeling in the matter? One of the last conversations which I had with him, before he lay down to die, was occasioned by a print sent to me from Italy, which represents our Lady protecting a number of devotees beneath the ample folds of her mantle,

while her Divine Son appears from heaven above darting forked lightning at the cowering crowd; but His thunderbolts fall harmless, they are broken at their contact with the Protectress's mantle. What can the moral of such a picture be, except that we should seek to Mary to save us from Jesus?

The Bishop knew that many aboriginal Roman Catholics who are loyally devoted to their Church, acknowledge (at least *privately*) that things of this kind are intensely repugnant to them. As everybody is not born to try to set right everything that he sees to be wrong, the Bishop quite understood that these good men may feel it their duty to keep silence about many things which they cannot approve of, but which they cannot mend. But he felt that any one voluntarily submitting to the Roman Church is morally responsible for accepting *ex animo* all that he may find there (at least, all that is prescribed or knowingly allowed by authority), and the Bishop knew that he could not honestly appear to accept the *cultus* of our Lady and the Saints as it prevails under the protection of authority in the Roman communion.

As regards Presbyterian and other Protestant Churches, the Bishop recognized the fact that the vast majority of those who belong to them have simply inherited their ecclesiastical position, as a tradition some three hundred years old; it would be absurd, then, to regard them as morally or spiritually responsible for being in separation from the Catholic and Apostolic Church. He found it easy, with his strongly Evangelical tone of mind,

to believe that a sincere personal belief in, and devotion to, our Lord would compensate in their case for whatever might be amiss with regard to their attitude towards the Visible Church. He delighted to discover community in faith and devotion in his intercourse with individual Protestants.

But this feeling, though it was very strong, did not prevent the Bishop from being sure that it is impossible, consistently with fidelity to the Truth, to do anything to promote ecclesiastical co-operation, between the Anglican Church and Presbyterian and other Protestant bodies. Such a co-operation must involve disloyalty to important principles on both sides.

So warm a heart, so full of the love of God and man, as that of Bishop Chinnery-Haldane, could not but be attracted by anything that seemed to tend towards the reunion of the separated servants of Christ, and he willingly joined in an association which has been formed, and which includes both Anglicans and Presbyterians, the object of which is to promote mutual prayer for reunion, together with conferences having the same object in view. But after some experience of its working, in one of the last letters which I had from him (before the fatal disease which ended his life had declared itself), he expressed a doubt as to whether the association were not likely to do more harm than good. This doubt is worthy of serious consideration. One unfortunate result possible in the case of plans honestly intended to bring about reunion is, not a reasoned demonstration of the actual existence of points of agreement, but a

mere blurring in men's minds of the lines of demarcation which divide opposed principles from each other, an obfuscation which creates a sort of feeling that nothing is quite true, and nothing quite erroneous, and that consequently it doesn't much matter what Church you belong to; this, instead of helping to bring about wholesome, high-principled agreement in ecclesiastical matters, only feeds that miserable indifference which is the bane of present-day religion. There is reason at least to fear that this serious danger may beset some of the praiseworthy efforts in the direction of reunion which have been attempted in Scotland.

It would be impossible to deny (and there is no occasion to do so) that the Bishop was what, in the popular sense of the term, would be called "a ritualist." To a man of his respectful, reverential mind, strongly imbued with Catholic belief, Catholic ceremonial naturally appealed, as affording a seemly and appropriate method of exhibiting religious sentiment. To the Bishop, what is (with technical inexactness) called "ritual," was a means of asserting that his belief in Christ, His Church, His Sacraments, was that of the Catholic Church throughout the world. Hence, though he took great and intelligent interest in Christian antiquities, and in the study of ecclesiology in general, and subscribed to societies having the elucidation and investigation of these matters as their aim, yet in the practical ordering of ceremonial, the Bishop always gave decided preference to modern Continental use and wont, over customs revived out of dead and buried antiquity. He said to me, "If

I had two usages before me, one obsolete and antique, the other in living use and modern, I should say, *all other things being equal*, by all means adopt the modern." On the appearance of a little work which endeavoured, while advocating what is commonly called "ritual," to put it in a non-Roman light, he wrote to me, "Why should we be too cowardly to admit, that to an obvious imitation of Rome in ceremonial matters during the last fifty years, we owe most of the outward improvements in public worship now generally approved of?"

With regard to the exact observance of the rubrics of the Common Prayer-book, and of other authorized directions, the Bishop's attitude was one of strictness tempered by common sense. He had a disgusted contempt for the spirit (occasionally alas! manifested by some priests) which leads them to disregard clearly expressed rubrics out of mere wilfulness, because they like some other way of doing things better, or are too careless and indifferent to take the pains to observe the letter of what is prescribed to them. But at the same time, he always practically acted on the principle that the rubrics are made for man, and not man for the rubrics. Of course he would never have tolerated any tampering with those rubrics which prescribe something which belongs to the tradition of the whole Catholic Church of Christ. But with regard to rubrics of a less sacred character, he allowed very free modifications in their observance; he suffered and practised many omissions, substitutions, additions, and abbreviations, with regard

to prescribed forms, if edification or charity called for them, or if there seemed to be any other serious weighty reason why the exact observance of the letter of a rubric or rubrics might be dispensed with. As an instance of this, it may be mentioned, that as the Scottish Liturgy contains no rubric requiring the participation of communicants at every celebration, the Bishop was in the habit (as has been already noticed) of celebrating, and of encouraging others to celebrate, even when no one present was prepared to communicate with the celebrant. On these occasions the Bishop omitted the Short Exhortation, Confession, Absolution, and Comfortable Words, and he permitted others to practise this omission on suitable occasions. This omission must surely be held to be justified by common sense, even if strict rubricians would frown on it.

The Bishop felt very strongly that the mind of the Catholic Church, as expressed by Councils, and in Canons, was opposed to the marriage of ordained persons. As he had himself married *before* Ordination, he considered that he was morally free to let his feeling in this matter rule his conduct when (for instance) he was asked to officiate at a clerical marriage. He always declined to do so. If he knew that an ordinand was engaged to be married, he required that the marriage should precede the Ordination. I remember an amusing correspondence with the future father-in-law of an ordinand, in which the *beau père* that was to be showed great nervous anxiety lest his daughter's *fiancé* should, after marriage, fail to pass the Bishop's

examination. The mixture of courtesy and persistence which the Bishop knew so well how to employ, on occasion, enabled him to carry his point, without offending anybody, in this instance, as in many another difficulty of similar or different kind.

CHAPTER IV

FAMILY HISTORY: EARLY LIFE, 1842–1866

The Haldanes of Gleneagles in Perthshire hold honourable rank among the distinguished families of Scotland. The family is probably of Norse origin. Passing by legendary accounts of its earlier history, we are put on to sure ground by a charter, still in the possession of the family, granted by King William the Lion, in the twelfth century, to Roger de Haldane, securing to him certain lands, part of the Gleneagles estate. This charter is one of the earliest of Scottish feudal records still extant.

The name of Haldane is not conspicuous in the annals of the history of Scotland, though members of the family, from time to time, were entrusted with various posts of honour, and took a more or less active part in the political events of their period. The family, however, maintained a good position in the country, and became, in the course of generations, connected by marriages with the noble or baronial families of Graham, Arnott, Mar, Seton, Monteith, Montrose, Lawson, Perth, Glencairn, Hume, Tullibardine, Wemyss, Lovat, Grant, Strathallan, and Erskine of Alva.

To the average Englishman, even though he be

an Evangelical, the name of Haldane does not suggest anything in particular as regards religion, and to the younger generation in Scotland the name has scarcely any such special significance. But this was not the case a generation or two ago. In those days the name of Haldane meant in Scotland almost the same as that which the names of Wesley and Whitfield signify (or have signified) in England.

The cause thereof was this. At the end of the eighteenth century the family of Haldane was represented by two brothers—

Robert Haldane, born 1764;

James Alexander Haldane, born 1768.

Both these gentlemen entered the Royal Navy, and both, after a short period of service, retired. Both of them became convinced of the supreme importance of Evangelical religion, which in their own opinion, and in that of others, was almost dead, and almost entirely discredited, in the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland of that day. The brothers, therefore, felt themselves called upon to preach the religion which had assumed so great an empire over their own souls. Like many who adopt similar opinions, the brothers Haldane did not think they needed any other authorization for the undertaking of this work, than the Divine call which they conceived had come into their own souls. They accordingly journeyed through the length and breadth of the land, preaching the Gospel (as they understood it), and gathering congregations of those who accepted their message. Their work naturally excited

extreme opposition on the part of those who did not sympathize with their views; but the work prospered extensively. The brothers sacrificed everything for the furtherance and development of their pious schemes. Time, money, lands, social advantages, were all given up without stint that the work might gain. It is reckoned that in twelve years, Robert Haldane spent £70,000 on the work of a society formed to propagate Evangelical religion. The theology favoured by the brothers was of the most extreme Calvinistic type, and they both eventually practically adopted the views of the Baptist sect. Their influence became enormous, not only in Scotland and England, but also in the Protestant Churches of France and Switzerland.

It is difficult to see that any permanent result, the direct outcome of the brothers' labours, remains as a monument of their work. The Edinburgh "Tabernacle," the scene of many of their spiritual triumphs, has long been known, under that name, as a noted emporium of second-hand furniture. But their sympathizers would no doubt say (and perhaps rightly), that the inestimable indirect results of their labours are a sufficient reward for all that was done.

Be all this as it may, this is not the place to pursue the subject further. We may here go on to note that—

Robert Haldane, who died in 1842, left no male issue.

James Alexander Haldane, who died in 1851, was twice married. By these marriages he became

the father of fifteen children. The eldest surviving son of these was—

Alexander Haldane, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law; he died in 1882; he married Emma, youngest daughter of Mr. Joseph Hardcastle. He was the father of six children; of these five were daughters; the youngest was a son, who became Alexander, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles; the subject of this Memoir.

This son was born on August 14, 1842, at Hatcham, which at that time was hardly the suburb of London which it has since become, but was rather a rural neighbourhood, in which many gentlemen's residences were pleasantly situated.

As the Haldane family were so conspicuously committed to Baptist principles, it is hard to say *why*, but so it was, the child was baptized in infancy according to the rites of the Church of England, by Viscount Midleton, Dean of Exeter, in the parish church of Deptford; for at that time Hatcham was ecclesiastically within the parish of Deptford. At the font the child received the united names of his famous ancestors, and was christened James Robert Alexander. By his family and friends he was, however, always designated by the last of these names only.

Young Haldane received the earlier part of his education at home; and with regard to one of his tutors some curious circumstances may be mentioned. The services of a gentleman were engaged mainly for the boy's instruction in the classical tongues. The tutor was known to be an Austrian subject, and a political refugee, but it was

neither known nor suspected that he was a Roman Catholic, and a priest; this, however, was the case. During his intercourse with the Haldane family, he gave no indication of his faith or of his profession, nor did he in any way endeavour to influence his pupil's religious opinions. At some time, after his tutorial engagement was ended, this clergyman was able to return to his native country, where he obtained a good position, and eventually became Bishop of Pressburg, in which capacity he received in after years a visit from his former pupil, whom he welcomed with great affection. If the pupil, while pursuing his studies, put inconvenient questions, or made inconvenient remarks, the prudent tutor would reply, "If you wish to know anything about politics, ask your father; if you wish to know anything about religion, ask your mother; if you wish to know anything about Latin or Greek, ask me."

After a time of home education, Haldane went to live at Bury St. Edmunds with a married sister, and attended the Grammar School there. He has told myself, and others, that his school life was to him a most unhappy experience. Not from any unfeeling harshness on the part of masters, nor from ill-treatment by fellow-pupils, but simply because the whole thing was intensely distasteful to him. There is a wide-spread tradition among grown-up people that a boy's school life is the happiest period of his existence, and poor young Haldane (like, perhaps, most boys) sometimes had said to him, by well-meaning friends, "Remember this is the happiest time of your life." He used

to think, as he related in after years, "If *this* is the happiest time of my life, what a dreadful thing life must be!"

Grown-up people, because they see that boys run about, and shout, and laugh, and seem easily pleased, are too apt to conclude that there are no depths in boy nature. The inward sufferings which some of these apparently careless, light-hearted creatures are capable of, God and His Angels only know. The boyhood of some may be as shallow as it seems, but this is not the case with all. It was not the case with young Haldane, whose school life was a time of continual secret suffering, though it is not on record that any one ever suspected this.

Such was the case, yet it is not easy to see *why* it was the case. From the very first, all the boy's tastes were manly. He was no moody dreamer fond of indoor hobbies. He loved life in the open air, he rode, he shot, he rowed, he delighted in athletic exercises. True, he never cared much for games, but one would have thought that his other interests would have put him in harmony with at least one phase of school life; but it did not. He was more than averagely fond of reading and study, so the other, the scholastic, phase of school life could not have been the cause of his intense distaste for the whole. In after years he confessed (as has been noted elsewhere) to a complete and instinctive lack of sympathy with the life and ways of youth, and especially of young men and boys, and it probably was the early working in his mind of whatever was the cause

of this characteristic that put him so miserably out of inward harmony with his school surroundings.

But all things come to an end; school life, whether happy or unhappy, can only last for a strictly limited period. At length the time came when a profession must be chosen for the young Haldane; his father wished his son to follow his own profession, and to train for the practice of the law. To this the youth had no objection, and he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, with the view of eventually becoming a barrister.

Haldane's college career seems to have been simply unremarkable; it was neither a failure, nor a striking success. At this period of his life the higher and stronger features of his character do not seem to have made themselves conspicuous even to his intimate friends. One who knew him well at this time (the Rev. C. S. P. Darroch, Vicar of St. Thomas, Southborough) writes of him thus:—

"My recollections of my dear old friend, Aleck Haldane, at Trinity, Cambridge, are all of the pleasantest nature. I think that I may say that I was one of his most intimate friends. Reference to my old diary shows how many were the evenings which we spent together in his rooms or my own, how many the walks we enjoyed together. The two features of his character which dwell chiefly in my memory, are his simple piety and his unfailing good humour. For some considerable time four of us kept up a little Bible reading. Alas! I am now the sole survivor of that small band. Although we had not met for years, the news of his illness and death came upon me with

a keen sense of personal loss. Such simple-minded, God-fearing men are as the salt and light of a corrupt and dark world, and we can ill spare them. The memory of the just is blessed."

Though unhappy at school, Haldane evidently enjoyed university life. He was careful and diligent in his studies; his favourite recreation was boating, in which exercise he attained some distinction. His home letters, at this time, are full of the pleasure which his life is giving him.

It will be worth while to give a few extracts from these letters, as they show, better than anything else could show, the fresh wholesome interest he took in the things which concerned his college life in its various aspects.

The following, with its bright little sketch of Kingsley, is from a letter written November 21, 1862:—

"This has been the last afternoon of the Colquhouns. Only two men were left in, B. of Christ's, and L. the Eton freshman, who yesterday bumped out P. who has till now held a great reputation up here. All knew that the race of this afternoon would be a mere farce, as B. had a poor chance with his antagonist, who is a wonderful sculler, and one of the handsomest men I have seen for some time. He is something between a boy and a man, and stands about six feet; his back is wonderfully straight, and his chest broad and muscular. His complexion is dark but ruddy, and he has a good crop of thick black hair. On account of the certainty of his success, the bank was not so much crowded as usual, but among the few spectators who were hanging about the boats before the start,

I recognized the face and voice of your friend, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, who was deeply engrossed in an earnest but, on his part, stammering discourse on the distress in the North. At the moment I heard him he was saying something about the wages of the mill workmen. A minute after he cleared at a bound a ditch which separated the river's bank from a green meadow, and so ended his discourse. To-morrow night there is to be a meeting of all the old Bury and Ipswich men in my rooms to discuss the Scratch Fours, which I hope will be rowed on Monday should all be well."

"March 4, 1863.

"I have had two great irons in the fire, the boat and the Little-go. The first has been taken out to-day, the last race having been rowed. I always think there is something melancholy in the breaking up of a crew after rowing and breakfasting together for a long time. Most likely we shall never all pull together again. However, on Friday we are to have a sort of farewell breakfast together for the last time. The races lasted three days, and we leave our boat exactly in the same place we found it on the river, having neither gained nor lost a place.

"The other great iron has to be in the fire several days longer, though it is already getting very hot. Monday, the 16th, is the first morning of the examination," etc.

"October 28, 1863.

"You would have liked to have been with me this morning. I have just returned from a lecture by your friend K[ingsley], the first of a set I mean to attend. They are to be on the destruction of the Roman power by the Teutons. [Here follows a short well-written *précis* of the lecture.] . . .

The Backs with their rich mingling foliage of red, brown, and green, are in their glory. These are the colours of the chestnuts. The elms are green patched with yellow. As the season advances, the green will disappear first, the red and yellow will follow, and then brown will become predominant. But these colours remind one of the far more brilliant hues of the North, etc. [This careful observation and keen appreciation of the beauty of nature, was characteristic of the writer to the end of his life.] . . . I have now to hurry down to the river. There appear to be no drag-hounds this term, which is a bother, as rowing is very slow with the untutored freshmen who can't yet have a notion of pulling."

"November 5, 1863.

"I have been to another of Kingsley's lectures. It was on the sacking of Rome by the barbarians," etc. [A long *précis* of the lecture follows.]

"February 3, 1864.

"I have been this morning to my first law lecture. It was given in the same room in which the great K[ingsley] used to hold forth on the Goths. This time the subject was not so entertaining."

"February 19, 1864.

"I have been rowing in the races yesterday and to-day. They end to-morrow. Our boat made its bump yesterday, and rowed over without being touched to-day."

It was in 1864 that Haldane took his LL.B. degree.

Those who only became acquainted with the Bishop in his later years, will have difficulty in

recognizing that the often careworn-looking prelate, earnestly occupied with the most serious things of life, whom they knew, could be one and the same with the light-hearted undergraduate, so interested in all that concerns the art of rowing, who wrote the letters from which the above extracts are taken.

As it was about this time that Haldane became possessor of a relic still carefully preserved, and much prized in his family, it may be well to give the following quotation from a letter which records his acquisition of the treasure:—

"September 24, 1863.

"Have you heard of my luck? The great Mrs. Oliphant, of Gask, has given me part of the lock of the Prince's hair, celebrated in Lady Nairn's song about the Auld House of Gask, in the following words—

> "'And the Leddy, too, sae gently
> There sheltered Scotland's Heir,
> And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
> Frae his lang yellow hair.'"

The following excerpt from a letter written about this time, will give an idea of young Mr. Haldane's literary tastes at this period of his life:—

"Trin. Coll. Camb., February 26, 1864.

"I have been studying Milton a good deal of late. Of all his poetry, I like 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso' the best. They present a succession of most graphic word pictures. 'Lycidas,' too, is beautiful, but all these poems require careful consideration before they can be fully appreciated. W., whom you met at B.'s, came in to tea a few nights ago, and read some Milton with me. He is

a fellow of great refinement, a great admirer of the poets of the English Augustan age, and also of Tennyson and his school. He holds liberal views of religion, and feels after truth like the ancient pagan philosophers. What a folly to seek for what is already revealed!

"Like all of that school, he undervalues Sir Walter Scott's poetry, which made me read him a few passages to see whether he really could resist their beauty.

"To me, Sir W. Scott seems to combine all beauties. There is a sweet music in the measure, and the poetry itself goes to the heart, while it is ever presenting before the eyes of the mind, pictures which are almost more charming than reality."

But events were at hand which were destined completely to change the course of young Haldane's life. The Haldane family had moved to London, and resided in Westbourne Terrace. In the social circle which they frequented in London they became acquainted with the family of an Irish baronet, the Rev. Sir Nicholas Chinnery, of Flintfield, County Cork. Sir Nicholas had an only daughter and heiress, Anna Elisabeth Frances Margaretta. Mr. Haldane's only son and Sir Nicholas Chinnery's only daughter were much of the same age, they were frequently thrown together, what more natural than that they should become attached to each other? This, in fact, happened, and soon after taking his degree young Mr. Haldane was married to Miss Chinnery, by her father, in St. John's Church, Paddington. This was in 1864. As the bride was heiress to a considerable fortune, it was

stipulated, by her family, that her husband should add the surname of Chinnery after his own; this was effected by Royal Warrant.

The young couple after their marriage spent a much longer time than the usual honeymoon in travelling and visits before settling down in a home of their own. One of their visits was to Cloan Den,[1] in Perthshire, the residence of the bridegroom's uncle, the late Mr. Robert Haldane, the father of the Rt. Hon. Richard Burdon Haldane, now (1906) Secretary of State for War. Here the bride made the acquaintance of many members of her husband's family, and received the kindest of receptions; a very happy time was spent.

A year or so later the newly married pair went to make visits among Mrs. Haldane-Chinnery's relations in Ireland; this expedition produced important and unexpected results, for it was during the course of it that young Mr. Haldane-Chinnery came to the conviction that he was called upon to change his vocation. What exactly led him to this conclusion no one knows, but one day he surprised his wife by asking her if she would be opposed to his taking Holy Orders. On learning that she was ready to acquiesce in his desire, he treated the matter as settled, and in due time communicated his resolution to his father, who viewed the matter favourably. Mr. Haldane, who was a prudent as well as a sincerely religious man, was most likely more easily moved to favour his son's change of profession as he was himself at that time in close association, in many ways, with

[1] Now known simply as Cloan.

the well-known Earl of Shaftesbury, who was for so long practically the dispenser of State ecclesiastical patronage.

The change of vocation being now an accepted fact, Mr. Haldane-Chinnery returned with his wife to Cambridge that, under a well-known tutor of the day, he might read for Holy Orders. Out of a certain delicacy of feeling, he was for a time anxious that it should not be known that he had originally been destined to the Bar, as he feared it might be thought that he had turned to the Church only because he had failed in the Law; this, of course, was not at all the case, and his original vocation was a fact that could hardly be kept out of sight.

It was about the time of his change of vocation that another change, which had been for some time working and developing in Haldane-Chinnery's mind, began to take definite shape. He had been brought up in the straitest sect of Orthodox Protestant Evangelicalism, but for some years his mind had been moving in the direction of the Catholic conception of religion. What were the influences which brought about this change can hardly be said to be known.

As I myself passed from Orthodox Evangelicalism to Catholicism I may, perhaps, be excused if I here once more refer to my personal experiences; I fancy they may throw some light on the way in which a change came over young Mr. Haldane-Chinnery's opinions. The older Evangelicals had a very singular way of treating the Prayer-book. It was lauded to the skies, and

esteemed as next in value to the Bible. I remember that the sentiment, "With the Bible in your right hand, and the Prayer-book in your left, you can hardly go wrong in religion," was warmly applauded among Evangelicals. Our Liturgy was scriptural, incomparable, pure, primitive, "almost inspired." But when those who used these high-sounding praises were compelled to particularize, it was found that the laudations were only meant to apply to those portions of the Prayer-book which are usually read at the ordinary morning and evening services on Sundays. The sacramental teaching of the Prayer-book, especially in the Catechism, and the whole scheme of devotion set forth in it, with its round of daily offices, holy-days, feasts, and fasts, were regarded with contempt or even with abhorrence; much of the sacramental teaching was accounted blasphemous, while the ordered round of devotion was at best "unspiritual." How the Evangelicals managed to combine their horror of the system set forth in the Prayer-book with their professed admiration of portions of the services in it, I never discovered. As I have said before, I am not at present very closely in touch with Evangelical feeling, but that it was such as I describe it, at the time I speak of, I know from intimate experience. When those who had been educated in this strangely inconsistent way of regarding the Prayer-book began to use their own judgment, what sometimes happened was this, they did not see why the ardent approval bestowed on the limited portion read from the Prayer-book on Sundays should not be extended to it as a whole;

investigation led them to accept the sacramental teaching and the devotional system as consonant with Scripture, and spiritually edifying, and so they were led, simply by sincerely accepting the Prayer-book as a whole, to the Catholic conception of the religion of Christ. This was the history of my own transit from Evangelicalism to Catholicism. The influence of neither man nor woman had anything to do with it; I was sent to the Prayer-book, I went to it, and it taught me the Catholic religion. I expect this has been the experience of many a one beside myself, and I suspect that this would more or less exactly describe the way in which the transit of Haldane-Chinnery came about, for one can learn nothing of any friend or teacher who can be supposed to have been the originating cause of the change which took place in his religious opinions.

This much is certain, however, that the circumstances which accompanied his Ordination and his entry on clerical life tended very strongly to accentuate and stereotype his change from Protestant to Catholic views of religion.

When the time came for Haldane-Chinnery to seek a title for Holy Orders, Dr. Charles Anthony Swainson, the Norrisian Professor of Divinity, who had heard him well reported of, recommended him to a friend of his own, the Rev. John Duncan, at present Prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral, and then, as now, Vicar of Calne in Wiltshire. The title offered by Mr. Duncan was accepted; this involved Ordination by the Bishop of Salisbury, in whose diocese Calne is situated. Both the Bishop

at that time (W. K. Hamilton) and the Vicar were pronounced High Churchmen, and their influence on the young ordinand not only strengthened any tendencies in a Catholic direction which he already experienced, but opened to him in many ways new views of the truth and beauty of Catholic religion.

And here, for a while, I lay aside my pen, in order to allow the story of Mr. Haldane-Chinnery's ministry at Calne to be told by Canon Duncan, the man better qualified than any other to tell what has now to be told.

To my own loss, my personal acquaintance with Canon Duncan is of the slightest. I have never, in correspondence or conversation with him, exchanged memories or opinions concerning the late Bishop's character; what he has kindly written in the following pages has been written without any knowledge of what is here written by me. I mention this because, as so much that Canon Duncan writes exactly corresponds with what is said in this memoir by myself, without this explanation, any ordinary reader might quite naturally conclude that we have written in collaboration, which has not been the case.

I may add beforehand to that which Canon Duncan writes, that Haldane-Chinnery spent the whole night preceding his Ordination as deacon in vigil on Salisbury Plain, fasting and praying amid the solemn pillars of Stonehenge, till the sun rose on his Ordination day.

CHAPTER V

CALNE, 1866–1868

By the Rev. John Duncan, M.A., *Prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral, Vicar of Calne, and Rural Dean*

In 1866 the late Bishop of Argyll and the Isles (he was then called Mr. Haldane-Chinnery) was ordained at Salisbury, at the Trinity Ordination, by Bishop Hamilton, to the curacy of Calne, in Wiltshire. He had shortly before taken his degree at Cambridge. The curacy had been suggested to him by the Rev. Dr. Swainson, one of the Professors of Divinity, who had been Principal of Chichester Theological College when the Vicar of Calne was a student there. Mr. and Mrs. Haldane-Chinnery consented to occupy, for a time, a very small and inadequate house. Their life in Calne began with a great sorrow. Their baby girl, of about two months old, died in a few weeks after they came to Calne. Her body was laid in the Trinity churchyard. A white marble cross marks the grave. The inscription on it was composed by Sir Nicholas Chinnery, Mrs. Haldane-Chinnery's father, and is in these words: "Agnes Elizabeth Haldane-Chinnery. Born May 6, 1866; baptized into Christ, June 4; died July 5, 1866."

Mr. Haldane-Chinnery was specially attached

to the church of the Holy Trinity, a chapel of ease to the parish church. His work was chiefly among people of the artisan and labourer classes.

He came to Calne a young man, bright, and full of life and hope, with the vigour and buoyancy of youth and good health. His face had a singularly attractive expression of guilelessness and purity. He at once prepossessed people in his favour.

He was a delightful colleague and an invaluable assistant, devoted to his work and unwearied in it; always ready and cheerful; courteous, loyal, affectionate; a true friend and brother; a man whom one instantly loved, and loved more and more as time and circumstance proved the truth, the courage, the unselfishness, the devoutness of his nature. Every association with him gave pleasure; every memory of him is sweet and tender, "as tender as infancy and grace."

Mr. Haldane-Chinnery, in coming to Calne at the time when he did, was placed in an unusually difficult position for a young man of fervent convictions. Not very many years before there had been a good deal of Unitarianism in Calne. It was a common thing for people to go to church in the morning and to the Unitarian chapel in the evening, the difference between the faith of the Church and Unitarianism being regarded as of little importance. Afterwards, for about forty years, the teaching of the clergy of the parish had been in conformity with a rigid Calvinism. The dominant party in the Church and parish was vehemently Calvinistic. Its members, while calling themselves Churchmen and coming to church, avowed that they did not

believe the Prayer-book. And so Mr. Haldane-Chinnery found himself in a position of great delicacy when he began work in Calne as a newly ordained deacon.

About three months after his coming to Calne, in the absence of the Vicar, Mr. Haldane-Chinnery visited the workhouse. He had procured some copies of Albert Dürer's "Crucifixion," and gave them away to the people in his district. Some of them he gave to the old people in the workhouse, and they were greatly pleased with them. One old man pasted a copy on a piece of wood and hung it up in the living room; others fastened the pictures with a pin to the walls. On the Vicar's return, he received from the clerk to the guardians a parcel containing these pictures, and a letter with these words: "Extract from minutes of guardians' meeting, held August 29, 1866. The guardians, on visiting the workhouse this morning, observed that over the mantelpiece of some of the sick wards there were engravings representing the Crucifixion, which, on inquiry, they found had been placed there by the Rev. A. Haldane-Chinnery. It was resolved, that as the guardians consider the introduction of these or similar representations are (*sic*) contrary to the principles of the Established Church, the master be instructed to return the same, and also be directed to see that this or similar proceedings are not repeated." So the poor people had to be contented with pictures of "The Owl," "Nose-rings and ear-rings," and other like cheerful illustrations. Mr. Haldane-Chinnery was not agitated by these and other similar storms. He went on

calmly and earnestly with his daily pastoral work, for which the graces of his soul and the beauty of his character supremely fitted him. His earnest Evangelical teaching could not but win those who held the true faith of the Church in Jesus Christ. Even those Church people who had no faith in the Church, felt the power of the Gospel which he preached. Some of them remonstrated with him because his teaching was not Calvinistic, and he listened to them with patience and courtesy. When, however, one of them introduced into his argument the name of Mr. Haldane-Chinnery's father, he drew himself up, bowed stiffly, and abruptly left him.

His profound faith in God expressed itself in the reverence with which he conducted divine service. He was as one who saw the invisible. While his reading was free from the slowness of a later period of his life, which was perhaps excessive, it was marked from the first by a reverential recollectedness.

His conviction of the truth of the Catholic faith, and of the authority of the Catholic Church, was already well developed when he came to Calne. His faith in the Real Presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist was firm and intense. Simplicity, solemnity, and absorption were evident in the devoutness with which at first he assisted at the Holy Eucharist and afterwards celebrated it. The reverence of his voice, and of his movements, indicated a conviction of the Majesty of God and his own unworthiness. He celebrated the Eucharist with a great joy, finding in it the Presence of the Lord Jesus and all that his soul desired.

Soon after he came to Calne, he made his first private Confession. It was made at Oxford to Dr. Pusey. It became a habit of his life, for he believed in Confession and Absolution as a habitual means of grace He did not, however, urge it indiscriminately, in private or in public. It was specially the Absolution received after Confession which he valued. He sought for it frequently and anywhere. Direction, in the Roman sense of the word, he did not value; indeed he disliked and disparaged it. Of his private prayers and intercessions, to which he gave much time, it is not for me to speak.

His belief in sacramental grace made him very earnest in persuading parents to bring their children to Holy Baptism, and in drawing persons who only attended morning or evening service to become communicants in the Body and Blood of the Lord. This faith and his earnest temperament combined, at this period of his life, to make him somewhat too urgent in respect of the latter of these Sacraments. His experience in Calne wrought a change in him. In later life he was more emphatic on the necessity of careful inward preparation; recommending, in its possible absence, delay in communicating and a less frequent reception, rather than immediateness or frequency.

He loved the daily services of the Church, and never failed to be present except when a sufficient reason prevented him. In such a case he said the Divine offices in private, not only from obedience to the law of the Church but from personal choice and pleasure.

His sermons at this time were carefully prepared

in writing, and were read with a sincerity and earnestness which gave them considerable power. There was not much variety in them. Their subject was always the Lord Jesus Christ and the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart. The holy gospels were more especially the mine from which he dug his precious metal. He loved to study the actions and words of his Lord and to draw others to study them. He was above all things a believer in Jesus. Behind the teaching was the man; and people who cared little for sermons were moved by the graciousness of the personality of the preacher.

He was a constant visitor in his district. Sympathy was in him not merely an inspiration of duty as it is, most commendably, with some people. It was also a natural gift, a part of that sweet and beautiful nature with which God had endowed him. With the poor his intercourse was delightful and winning. Howsoever ignorant and outcast men or women might be, they felt instinctively that he reverenced them. To all of every kind and rank he spoke and acted with the same gracious and irresistible courtesy. People felt that the courtesy was inward as well as outward; that here was a man who had love in his heart and loved his fellow-creatures; loved them for their own sake because of the loving nature that was in him. And so he was as much beloved in Calne as he was afterwards in his diocese and wherever he was known. It was the same with all ranks of society, with people of the middle class no less than with those of a higher or a lower class. He was so sincere in his kindliness that he did

more than put people at ease with him; he drew them into his kindliness, so that they at once trusted and loved him. Yet his natural dignity was such that no one could take a liberty or be vulgarly familiar with him. On one occasion only did I see him the subject of an advance to an intimacy which he did not welcome, and then the silent and severe dignity with which the advance was received at once checked and ended it.

His strength of character and will, united with a lively and eager disposition, would naturally produce a temper capable of strong and vivid expression. But it was on rare occasions and only on great provocation that he showed by any outward sign the strength of feeling which was in his heart, and which would have been expressed with more or less emphasis by men of blunter conscience and less self-control. As life advanced, the self-restraint grew with other graces to form the man whom in his maturer years all who knew loved as much as they admired him, and admired as much as they loved him.

When he lived in Calne he was of a very joyous disposition. The anxieties and disappointments of his later years had not yet dimmed the outward brightness of his conversation and bearing. At the age of twenty-four, every person and incident, except suffering or sorrow, ministered to his happiness. Every touch from without drew from a heart so charged with love a flash of joy. It shone in his face. People said it was a pleasure to see him pass the window, as he always looked so happy. The abiding thankfulness of his spirit and

the strength of his faith contributed to this persistent brightness. "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." This joyousness, combined with a natural wit, kindled in him a charming humour which made his common talk original and delightful.

His belief in Jesus, which inspired him with a great love for the Creeds of the Church, expressed itself, when he was visiting the sick, in a manner which was characteristic of him. He recited the Apostles' Creed, standing by the bedside, with clasped hands, and with great solemnity.[1] This Act of Faith, which was then a new thing in Calne, impressed the people deeply, leading them to realize their belief in Jesus, and lifting up their hearts to Him in adoration.

Even in the time of his youth, while he lived in Calne, he was a man of sound judgment; not only on questions in which he was not personally interested, when most people can form an impartial opinion, but also on things which intimately affected himself and moved his deepest feelings. His sense of humour may have had a part in producing this balance of mind. Mainly, however, it was due, first, to his freedom from vanity, which is the chief perverter of our judgments in matters affecting ourselves. Of vanity he had apparently none. What people would think of him, or how he could make himself better thought of by others, never seemed to throw a shadow on his mind or a cloud over the clearness of his vision.

[1] This continued to the end to be a characteristic of the Bishop's devotions with the sick.

And secondly, as all our judgments are ultimately moral, and only "charity never faileth" to guide us aright, his loving sympathy with others shut out all bias in his own favour and rather influenced him against himself; so that he could see things of profound interest to himself in their true proportions and relations. And then, further, he had that help which is specially prayed for in the Collect for Whit-Sunday (he often used it), the guidance of the Holy Spirit of God, who gives "a right judgment in all things" to them who seek it from Him.

At the time he lived in Calne, what is now called "The Higher Criticism" was beginning to occupy the minds of biblical students. His belief in the Church as "the pillar and ground of the truth," and as the living witness to the resurrection of our Lord, enabled him to regard the controversy without panic or bitterness. He was a lover of truth and had kinship with every honest and humble seeker after it. His "assurance of Faith" in Jesus as Incarnate God and as the living Head of His Mystical Body on earth, inspired him with the conviction that all things will "work together for good to them that love God," by the confirmation of the faith of the Church and the quickening of her life. On all political and social questions he had in his youth, and I believe in his later life, an open and unprejudiced mind. But he was unshaken in his confidence that the only "Saviour of society" is Jesus Christ.

Perhaps the supreme charm of his character was his humility; a grace which is the root of all other graces and the loveliest of all; of which no display

can be made and of which he sought to make none. In him it was true and deep, for it was his by virtue of his union with Jesus Christ. It was a part of his being, and everything was impressed by it: his conversation, his preaching, his pastoral ministrations. It was the inspiration of his charming courtesy and of his unstudied self-effacement. It was a perfume of which every one who approached him felt the sweetness and the strength. It won for him an immediate entrance into the heart of strangers and a sanctuary in the heart of his oldest friends. Only once do I remember hearing him speak of himself, except in the way of an obviously sincere depreciation—and this one instance is an illustration of his loyalty and his humour. Some time after he had become Bishop of Argyll, he and several other clergymen were talking together in the college at Cumbrae; among them was the Vicar of Calne, myself. Some one said to me that a certain clergyman, of whom he had a poor opinion, had been ordained to Calne, and added, "You make a poor sort of clergyman in Calne." The situation was saved by the Bishop, who said, with his humorous smile, "Oh, but you know he made me."

His humility made him a perfect listener. It inspired him with a desire to give full weight to the reasoning and feelings of another, and to subordinate his own to theirs; so that his courtesy as a listener was genuine and sincere. With perfect patience he would hear all that another had to say, accepting and confirming any remark that he could agree with. People who did not know him thought

that they were going to make a convert of him and have their own way, because he listened to them so politely. But they found in the end that nothing but the conviction of his reason could move him. If any one fancied that by the weight of personal influence or position, Mr. Haldane-Chinnery might be induced to give up an opinion or modify a course of action, which he had adopted as being right, that person always found in the end that he had mistaken the man. With gentleness and sympathy, but with inflexible firmness, he let it be felt that he was unmoved in his decision and purpose. It was an occasion of much amusement to his friends to be present when a stranger of this sort was led on by his quiet courtesy into a voluble exposition of some opinion or plan, evidently thinking that he was carrying everything before him and overcoming all his interlocutor's objections, and then to witness the same unvarying end of the interview. Yet he never gave offence; not only because he was always courteous, but because he made it evident that he had carefully considered the question on all sides and had formed a conscientious conviction.

He was very generous and never refused to help any person in his district who begged from him. In this generosity Mrs. Haldane-Chinnery was at one with him, as she was in all the work of his life. He was equally indulgent to "tramps." And herein he learnt nothing even from the great teacher Experience, because he was more afraid that he might refuse to help in a case of real need than he was of being deceived. He gave a

valuable set of Altar vessels to Trinity Church. He contributed liberally to good works in Calne, and thereby greatly helped the Vicar in the working of the parish. To perpetuate in Calne the memory of his generosity the Vicar named the first endowment of a girls' secondary school, which he founded some years afterwards, the Duncan Haldane-Chinnery endowment.

From his ordination onwards he read theology with a genuine interest, and as he advanced in years he became more and more absorbed in books on that subject. In everything he was real, and strove for reality, especially in religion and religious teaching, and he was much more anxious that children should be taught the Christian faith in its fulness than the details of the history of the judges and kings of Israel.

He took great pleasure in works of art. He was always ready to go out of his way to see a cathedral. He knew well the pictures in the National Gallery as it was in the "sixties." He was much attracted by the works of the Pre-Raffaelite Brotherhood; no doubt, because of the earnestness of their spirit and their reverence for Nature. He had already when in Calne begun to be interested in foreign architecture and painting, and at this time and in subsequent years he found much delight in them.

He was not musical. Yet he enjoyed music in a way, and recognized the duty and the beauty of offering to God in the worship of the Church, especially in the Holy Eucharist, the best music that the worshipper can offer. Anthems he did

not like. Congregational singing he highly valued.

He was a lover of Nature and revelled in gazing at beautiful scenery. He was never conventional in his appreciations and judgments, and was as independent in respect of Nature as of other things. It was very pleasant to be with him when he was enjoying a lovely view, his face being lit up with intelligent appreciation and genuine enjoyment of the various elements of beauty before him. He was sensitive to the charm of the meadows, the trees, and the downs around Calne.

He was manly in every way: every inch a man: with a courage moral and physical which, so far as one could see, never failed. Where moral courage was the force required to make him stedfast, he was immovable. His physical courage was similarly complete.

He was fond of bodily exercise though not of games and sports. He would run for a long distance by the side of a horse or a carriage. When Mrs. Haldane-Chinnery rode on the Downs, he would run for many miles by her horse's side with all the enjoyment of a healthy boy.

During his residence in Calne he passed through a period of severe perplexity and distress. It arose from the comparative claims of the English-Catholic and Roman-Catholic communions. His estimate of the importance of the question was so high and his conscientiousness was so keen, that for a considerable period he gave up to it all his spare time and many almost sleepless nights. The subject was discussed at the Vicarage in long and anxious

conversations. It led to a correspondence with Dr. Pusey, and to more than one visit to him at Oxford. No labour was spared to reach the truth. No personal interest or relation was allowed to bias him. He hesitated for a long time, and, as was his wont, made every effort, by study, thought, and prayer, to ascertain God's will before he came to a conclusion. When he did at last reach the conclusion that the English Church is the true Catholic Church in this country, he was never afterwards shaken in his conviction.

It will be said that such a character as has been described here may most fitly be summed up in the one word "holy," and that Mr. Haldane-Chinnery was a holy man. In truth, he seemed to his friends to be radiant with the "beauty of holiness." But we may, perhaps, rightly shrink from pronouncing any man holy, whosoever he may be, lest in doing it we assume a prerogative which belongs to God alone. Only by Him who "seeth not as man seeth" can men be judged without presumption. In the awful light of His holiness the holiest of men knows himself to be but a guilty thing. "There is none good but one, that is, God." It would have been a grief, true and deep, to the late Bishop's heart had he anticipated that the word holy would be applied to him. He would have shrunk from it, through the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, by an instinct of his soul. With perfect truthfulness he would say, as St. Paul said, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." To be a true penitent, to grow in penitence as he grew in years was the strongest

desire, the very passion of his soul when he was a young man; and I know it was so to the end. His attitude towards God was ever that of the Prodigal Son, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee." To us who remain the answer sounds clear, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him;" or rather the still higher benediction given to him who never forsook his father and his home, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine."

After two years' residence in Calne, Mr. Haldane-Chinnery's connection with it was brought to an end by a great tragedy. He had returned to Calne from accompanying Mrs. Haldane-Chinnery to Edinburgh, where she had gone to stay for a few weeks. He had come to the Vicarage to luncheon and brought with him the news that a bad railway accident had happened at Abergele to the Irish express. He also mentioned that Sir Nicholas and Lady Chinnery had left London for Dublin the day before. He seemed to be occupied by his thoughts and inclined to be silent. A telegram from Abergele was brought in with the words "Come at once." The suggestion contained in the words was evident, and he went away somewhat prepared for the fate of his father-in-law and mother-in-law. Some wagons laden with barrels of petroleum had broken loose at the top of an incline and rushed down it to dash into the approaching express. In the first part of the train were the passengers who had joined the train at Chester, as Sir Nicholas and Lady Chinnery had

done, having broken their journey there. The petroleum from the shattered barrels poured over the first part of the train, and catching fire from the engine burst into a mass of flame, which enveloped and reduced to ashes the carriages and their inmates.

To people who did not know the late Bishop this description of him as a young man in the first years of his ministry may seem to be coloured and exaggerated. Every man, they will say rightly, has some faults. No doubt Mr. Haldane-Chinnery had his faults. I did not see them and cannot recall them. He was, at any rate, a man so genuine that longer acquaintance with him and further insight into his character revealed him only as more and more pure and true, more and more to be admired and loved. Strangers to him may exercise their fancy in finding out his faults; they who knew him well will be satisfied if he is described as they knew him.

"Requiem æternam amico delectissimo dona Domine et lux perpetua luceat ei."

"Make me to be numbered with Thy Saints in glory everlasting."

JOHN DUNCAN.

In the year 1867 Mr. Haldane-Chinnery had a great sorrow. His mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, passed away.

CHAPTER VI

EDINBURGH, 1868–1878

As will be evident from the subsequent course of the narrative, the tragedy with which the last chapter concludes, was directly or indirectly the cause which determined the course taken by the whole of Mr. Haldane-Chinnery's after career.

When (as related in the last chapter) Mrs. Haldane-Chinnery went to Edinburgh, in May, 1868, her husband accompanied her thither, and remained with her some time before returning to his duties at Calne. Even during this short sojourn in a city which was not his residence, Mr. Haldane-Chinnery could not be happy without the work of his calling; he offered his services, during his stay, to All Saints' Church, and he also gave occasional help in other churches and chapels. This temporary connection with All Saints' was destined to have important results.

The tragedy involved the Haldane-Chinnerys in family business which demanded their presence in London; while there Mr. Haldane-Chinnery did much curate work at St. Mary's, Paddington. For private reasons he decided that it would be best to resign his curacy at Calne: where should he take up work next? The claims of the mother

country of his family spoke loudly to his imagination and his heart, and he decided on offering his services to the Church in Scotland.

But before this desire could be carried out many things had to be arranged. For one thing, the terrible experience of the tragedy called for thorough change of scene and interests, and so the winter which followed it was spent in Paris. It is at this point that the Bishop's carefully kept journal commences. In it he recorded neither opinions nor impressions, but simply the occurrence of daily events. The Paris journal shows how wholly his real interests were ecclesiastical and religious, and how carefully he made himself acquainted with the Church life of that beautiful city. The writing up of his journal was almost the last thing which he abandoned under the pressure of the disease which ended his life.

It was eventually decided that Mr. Haldane-Chinnery should take up residence and work in Edinburgh. A picturesque old mansion, Greenhill House, had been bought as a residence for the Bishops of Edinburgh, but subsequently it was pronounced to be unsuitable for the purpose, being too far removed from the centre of the town to be easily accessible to the clergy. It was delightfully situated, just at the end of the Bruntsfield Links, to the south of Edinburgh, in charming, though not extensive, grounds, which included all that remained of the Burghmuir Forest. The grounds contained many fine forest trees, where forest birds used to come and nest, year after year. This mansion was for sale, and the Haldane-

Chinnerys bought it for £7000. One attraction to this property was that it was within a quarter of an hour's walk of All Saints' Church, to the rector of which Mr. Haldane-Chinnery had offered his services as curate, greatly moved to do so by his pleasant memories of his work there during his temporary residence in Edinburgh.

In order to understand what that offer meant to All Saints', the condition of that church in 1869 must be recalled. At that period Edinburgh "Episcopalianism" still retained, to a large extent, what had long been its traditional *cachet*. It was an alarmingly respectable form of religion; eminently unprogressive and unaggressive; not without a liberal and kindly, if somewhat condescending, care for "the poor," but quite content to live and let live, without attracting too much notice. Its theological colour was nebulous, and tended towards a sort of Evangelical Latitudinarianism. The even tenor of Edinburgh Episcopalianism had been somewhat disturbed by the High Church "goings on" at St. Columba's, at the back of the Castle; but there were reasons why St. Columba's was only benevolently disapproved of. All Saints' was originally started as a mission from the sedate and respectable St. John's; when it was found that the young and earnest priest in charge was going much the same way as they had gone at St. Columba's, there was indignation at St. John's. The special reasons which it was thought partially excused St. Columba's did not apply to All Saints', and there were other special reasons which it was considered justified St. John's in its indignation.

These reasons are long forgotten, and there is no occasion to revive their memory; the result of the indignation is all that concerns us now, and that result was, the withdrawal of valuable pecuniary help, which priest and people at All Saints' had good reason to think they could have counted on. Many works had been started, which of course needed money for their support and development, and funds were not to be had. The influence of St. John's (perhaps the second Church in importance among Edinburgh Episcopalians) was naturally great, and through the severe disapprobation of this congregation, All Saints' came to be considered, in a certain way, as under a ban; it was looked on as a kind of by-church, which only eccentric people would have anything to do with.

The appearance of the church itself, at that time, helped this uncomfortable impression. It stood in a half-built, semi-genteel neighbourhood; its west end was unfinished, and the place of the narthex, which was to be, was supplied by a sort of rough shed or shanty, of the shabbiest description. Next to the church was a plot of waste ground, the site of the future parsonage. There was a squalid forlorn look about the whole thing which was very depressing. The late rector[1] himself has told me that matters were at such a low ebb that he did not know where to turn; it seemed as if everything must simply come to an end.

[1] The Rev. Canon Murdoch, first incumbent of All Saints', who died October 30, 1906, while this work was passing through the press. R.I.P.

Imagine the effect produced when to this despised and poverty-stricken Church there came a young priest who socially could hold his own with the best in Edinburgh, the master of a fine mansion, with a suitable establishment, and who had the command of a handsome fortune lavishly and generously put at his disposal by his wife, who had inherited it from her father. Edinburgh did not know what to make of it. Evidently it would no longer do to regard All Saints' as beyond the pale. The story is told of an old club *habitué*, who remarked to a friend that he thought he knew all the Edinburgh private carriages, but that one had appeared in Princes Street which he could not name; he pointed it out. "Don't you know whose carriage that is?" was the answer. "It belongs to Haldane-Chinnery." "And who is Haldane-Chinnery?" "The Curate of All Saints'." The clubman positively gasped. "The Curate of All Saints' keeps a carriage! By Jove! I'll go and hear him." And so he did; but no wonderful result followed.

The advent of Mr. Haldane-Chinnery[1] to All Saints' was spoken of to me, by the late rector, as its "salvation;" but the pulling of it out of the social Slough of Despond was, in truth, the least part of the work which Haldane-Chinnery did there. He threw himself, heart and soul, with the most single-minded devotion into the pastoral and spiritual work of Church and parish. What Canon Duncan has said of his work at Calne,

[1] During his tenure of office at All Saints', Mr. Haldane-Chinnery was usually spoken of shortly as "Mr. Chinnery."

was generally true of his work at All Saints'. He lived for it.

The shock of the great tragedy acting on a high-strung, sensitive nature, had naturally made Mrs. Haldane-Chinnery shrink from mixing much in general society, and to *him* mere formal society entertainments were nothing but a bore. He was the soul of hospitality, and loved to enjoy the companionship of real friends and to give them of his best. In all this he was seconded, with infinite charm and graciousness, by his wife. But neither he nor she sought or attracted "society" in the usual acceptation of the term. The result of this for him was that his whole time was left free for the work which was his life.

His daily round was something like this. He began the day by celebrating or being present at the daily Eucharist in All Saints'; after this he returned to Greenhill House for breakfast; he then went to church again for Matins at 11 a.m., after this his entire day, until dinner-time (about 7 p.m.), was spent in pastoral work in the district, the workhouse, the infirmaries, or elsewhere. He never ate luncheon, and was not dependent on afternoon tea. At one time he used to carry raisins in his pocket, and said that a few of them sufficiently satisfied him if he felt faint or hungry. Dinner seldom meant the end of the day's work to him. He frequently went, after dinner, to church again, for Evensong, and perhaps also for a class of some kind.

He used to congratulate himself on being curate and not incumbent. He said that the

routine business, the keeping of accounts, the organizing of work, and the hundred other things which an incumbent must attend to would be most uncongenial to him. Whereas, as curate, he was free to attend solely to what was to him of supreme interest and delight, the ministering as a pastor to the souls of men. It would be impossible to imagine that in any one the pastoral instinct could have been stronger. And the people responded to this instinct. I knew much of his work among the people, yet I never discovered any special trait or feature in his dealings which seemed to reveal the secret of his pastoral influence. His words and methods were simplicity itself, one might call them commonplace. But the intense reality and religious sincerity of the man gave a power, that was felt, even to commonplace words. And one thing is worthy of notice in this respect. I never knew him make his experiences in pastoral visitation the subject of light or amusing conversation. One sometimes comes across priests, generally young men, who return from a round of pastoral visits with a budget of anecdotes, mostly humorous, or supposed to be so. Though he might have much to say of what he had heard and seen, if help had to be given, or something done for the good of those whom he had visited, Haldane-Chinnery treated his pastoral intercourse as something too serious and sacred to be used as food for gossip or chat.

His pastoral visitation often involved going considerable distances, partly because in Scotland, even more than in England, the congregational

rather than the parochial idea prevails in ecclesiastical matters; an attendant at All Saints' Church might have to be looked up at the other end of the city; and besides this, visits to the workhouse meant a journey out of town. All this was done by Mr. Haldane-Chinnery on foot, and the Greenhill carriage was soon suppressed, just because it was hardly ever used either by its master or its mistress.

Though the indefatigable curate shepherded impartially all sorts and conditions, working men, fathers of families, were those whom he most preferred to deal with. Of these he had a Bible Class, which met periodically in the vestry at All Saints'. One evening, in the course of proceedings, the door burst open noisily, and a woman bounced in. She surveyed priest and disciples with a sarcastic expression, and said, "You are here instructing these men in holy things; but if they knew what I could tell them about you, they would not listen to you long; *you* are a nice man to be teaching others,"—and more in the same style. Haldane-Chinnery heard the outburst with undisturbed serenity, and then gently induced the woman to leave the vestry. The only impression she produced on the minds of her hearers was the conviction that she was mad; and so the poor thing was.

One of Mr. Haldane-Chinnery's specialities in dealing with people was a quiet, courteous persistence in pursuing a desired end; all refusals or exhibitions of unwillingness being calmly ignored. If this perseverance remained unrewarded, he showed neither temper nor irritation. One thing

which he tried to impress on his class of men was the importance of having family prayers at home at least every evening; and he endeavoured (perhaps not very successfully) to make them pledge themselves to practise this form of devotion. One evening, late, he visited one of the members of his class, and found him comfortably tucked away in bed. "May I ask, my friend," said Mr. Haldane-Chinnery, "if you had family prayers before you lay down?" The answer "No" was signified by a grunt from under the bedclothes. "Would you mind my having prayers with your wife and children now?" the persevering curate inquired. Of course permission could not be refused, and some simple prayers were said. The man's wife used to relate the story, and to add that, as he lay hidden under the bedclothes during the devotions, her husband was so ashamed that he felt as if he could never look Mr. Chinnery in the face again.

Doctors sometimes, from a want of a sufficiently delicate knowledge of one phase of human nature, make the mistake of trying to keep believing patients from intercourse with ministers of their religion. No doubt, from a doctor's point of view, a minister of religion could only be regarded as one who would act as an irritant to a sick unbeliever; but it is far otherwise with one who is ill, and has kept his or her faith. This even a doctor might appreciate. Mr. Haldane-Chinnery found himself constantly refused access "by doctor's orders" to a pious elderly lady who was very ill. So next time he called, he quietly ignored the refusal, calmly walked past the servant, and went straight to the

patient's room; he was received with pleasure and gratitude. Had he made a fuss, no doubt harm might have come. But by simply ignoring the prohibition, with confident courtesy, he comforted the patient and irritated no one.

Neither at Calne (as Canon Duncan has noted) nor in Edinburgh did Mr. Haldane-Chinnery attain to distinction as a preacher. He loved to preach, but not at all because he thought he excelled in so doing, he knew that he did not, but because he experienced a sincere, heartfelt delight in impressing on others the truths which he felt were dearer than life to himself. But though his sermons might have been thought somewhat commonplace, in subject and expression, a discriminating hearer said that he could always listen to them with profit and pleasure, because one could but feel that every word was uttered *with intention*, everything that was said was *meant*, there was no padding, no uttering of banalities for the mere sake of saying something, of filling up time. A priest once said in my hearing, "I was preaching, and my sermon was, what I suppose our sermons generally are, about nothing in particular," etc., etc. Alas! this is perhaps true of a too large proportion of the sermons which are usually delivered, but whatever else might be the case with them, from first to last, as curate, rector, or Bishop, this description could never be given of the sermons delivered by the subject of this Memoir, they always were about "something in particular."

Rightly or wrongly, devout people almost universally expect their Confessors to undertake

the spiritual direction of their souls; this being the case, it is not surprising, considering his views as to the unadvisability of "direction,"[1] that Mr. Haldane-Chinnery did not to any very great extent exercise the office of Confessor; though, of course, he received confessions and gave counsel when applied to by penitents.

But although he deprecated habitual reliance on priestly "direction," letters of advice and counsel written by him show a spiritual insight, a wise discrimination, and a "sanctified common sense," which must have been very helpful to those who received them. These qualities are conspicuous in a letter which he wrote while at All Saints', from which an extract is given below; it was written to a High Church lady living at home in an Evangelical household.

"I think two extremes have to be guarded against.

"On the one hand, you should avoid troubling your father with a needless bringing forward of things likely to give offence. On the other hand, all approach to deceit should be resolutely put aside.

"For instance: suppose you went out one morning to a shop on the way to a sermon at St. Alban's, which you afterwards attended. On returning home, it would not be necessary to tell everybody that you had been to the sermon if you knew that would, or might, give trouble.

[1] A Russian ecclesiastic, speaking of the practice of his own communion, observed to a friend of mine, "The Orthodox Church shuns *direction*."

"But on the other hand, if on being asked where you had been?—you were to answer, 'To a shop,' I think the concealment thus involved would *not* be permissible between members of the same family, certainly not between daughter and father.

"Above all, if you believe that you have received more than those who do not follow so closely the teaching of the Church, *do* strive to recommend the truth by a consistent life. If it is of importance that others should feel as we do, and believe as we believe, surely we should check all acts and words likely to bring discredit on our faith and practices. It is most important that the disciples of Christ should learn to *endure*. Now I think you sometimes fail in this duty. *You fight!*

"You fight against all that you cannot understand. If the dealings of Providence seem hard or unjust, because you cannot see through them, you seem to demand an explanation, and sometimes I fear put your demands into words. . . . You can never have peace this way. Learn to submit. What God says is straight, to you will often *seem* crooked. Learn to see prayer *apparently* unanswered, and efforts for your own soul, and for the souls of others, apparently fruitless—and believe in spite of all that God is doing all for the best, though you cannot possibly make out *how*.

"If you try to learn this lesson you will get peace, and perhaps you will be enabled to see that for some good purpose God now and then sees fit that you should be *in profundis*. When the next gloom comes on accept it patiently, as from Him, and then perhaps He will see fit to remove it

Perhaps you will *never* know till you see the King in His beauty how much you have gained, or from what dangers you have been delivered, by these apparently evil fits of depression."

The social and pastoral help which Mr. Haldane-Chinnery's advent brought to All Saints' by no means exhausted all that he did for church and congregation. All parochial institutions were liberally helped financially out of the fortune which Mrs. Haldane-Chinnery allowed to be freely drawn upon. She herself soon put right the disgraceful condition of the west end of the church, by the erection of the porch and narthex, and from time to time she contributed otherwise to the ornamentation of the sacred building, besides giving generous help to the building of schools, parsonage, and convent.

It should not be left unmentioned that twice Greenhill House was utilized for the holding of Clerical Retreats, the private chapel there making it a very suitable place for the purpose. On one occasion the conductor was no other than Alexander Forbes, the ever to be venerated Bishop of Brechin. At these Retreats the main charge of the entertainment of the clergy who attended them was borne by the Haldane-Chinnerys.

When everything is considered, it is evident that, for reasons which will occur to every one, and which therefore need not be dwelt on, the position of Haldane-Chinnery as assistant curate at All Saints' was anomalous. One feature of anomalous positions is that they inevitably tend to come to an end; they cannot be permanent.

The circumstances which brought about the severance of connection with All Saints' may be briefly described thus—the Haldane-Chinnerys went in 1874 to stay, for the sake of Highland air and scenery, at Ballachulish; the tastes of both were in favour of country rather than of town life; Edinburgh, as a place of residence, was congenial to neither of them; they were both enchanted with the beauty of their temporary abiding place. They found there a house the situation of which was all that they could desire. As was his wont, Haldane-Chinnery could not be content without aiding in the work of the Church in the place where, for the time being, he was living; the romantic interest of work among the Highland population appealed to him; the Bishop of Argyll (Mackarness) received him with open arms, and made him feel how welcome he would be as a permanent member of the diocese. The result of all this was, that Mr. Haldane-Chinnery felt that for once inclination and duty coincided; that there was more need for such services as he could render in the Highlands which he loved, than in Edinburgh, which in itself did not attract him; so he decided for the Highlands. At first he tried a compromise: for two or three years he worked in the Highlands during the summer and autumn, taking up his Edinburgh work in winter and spring; but this plan did not prove satisfactory, and in 1878 the official connection with All Saints' was finally severed.

In 1878, for family reasons, a change in the order of surnames seemed desirable, and, with the consent of all parties interested, a Royal Warrant

was procured, which authorized the change of the family designation to Chinnery-Haldane, in place of Haldane-Chinnery.

In 1879 Greenhill House was sold for £21,000, treble the amount paid for it; the reason of this increment being that the site had become valuable for business purposes; in a very short time, the old mansion and its beautiful grounds disappeared to give place to a crowd of "lands" of middle-class flats. A panel, with a representation of the old mansion, in bas-relief, has been inserted in the side of one of the new buildings. Caustic remarks were uttered by clever people on the large profit which had been made, by a clergyman, out of the purchase and sale of Church property; these acute persons did not know that not one penny of the £14,000 gained was to find its way into the coffers of the Chinnery-Haldanes; the whole was dedicated to the work of the Church in various forms.

CHAPTER VII

BALLACHULISH, 1878–1883

ALLTSHELLACH[1] HOUSE, which the Chinnery-Haldanes (as we must now write the family name) secured for their Highland home, enjoys a situation of almost unequalled grandeur and beauty. It stands on the crest of a sort of promontory jutting out into Loch Leven on its northern side. Turn which way you will, on every side the eye rests on a glorious panorama of mountain and loch; so manifold is the variety of the scene that one's sight becomes almost bewildered in trying to take it in; and under no two circumstances does it present quite the same appearance; morning and evening, spring, summer, autumn, winter, all bring their changes, and every aspect is wonderful; the magnificence of the sunsets, to be seen over the range of mountains to the west, passes all description. Originally the house was insignificant, and it stood in grounds of small extent, possessing no claims to special beauty, but in the course of years the house has been greatly enlarged and embellished; considerable additions have been made to the grounds, which have been laid out and planted with great skill and discrimination, so that at present a fine

[1] Alltshellach, a Gaelic designation, means "Willow-burn."

and commodious house stands in charming grounds of adequate extent. All this change has been the gradual work of many years. Among the additions to the house is a modest but handsome chapel, so arranged that it can be entered by persons from outside through the porch, without interfering with the privacy of the family.

Alltshellach stands in the centre of a district which is one of those regions in Scotland which are the traditional homes of "Episcopacy." In the Nether Lochaber district, in which the house is situated, there is a good sprinkling of traditionally "Episcopal" families. On the other, the south side of the loch, in the Ballachulish and Glencoe districts, it may rather be said that the population is "Episcopalian," with a sprinkling of Presbyterians and Roman Catholics. On the same side, to the west, in the Appin district, there used to be a considerable population of "Episcopalians," but this has been much diminished, not by apostacies, but by that process of depopulation which is going on in most rural neighbourhoods. As Chinnery-Haldane remarked, after long experience there, Ballachulish (with its neighbourhood) is a place where people never change their Church except through mixed marriages. If the "Episcopal" Church there rarely gains by conversions, it at all events as rarely loses by perversions. If its numbers are less than they used to be anywhere in that neighbourhood, it will be because the population has changed, or diminished.

Circumstances enabled Bishop Mackarness to give Mr. Chinnery-Haldane a free hand in the

exercise of the pastoral office over a large area in this district. On the northern side of the loch, a beautiful little church, St. Bride's, Nether Lochaber, had been erected, greatly by the exertions and liberality of Lady Alice Ewing; in 1876, while still going backwards and forwards, Chinnery-Haldane had been appointed incumbent of this church; in 1879 he became rector of St. John's, Ballachulish, on the south side of the loch; and when, by his own generosity, a church (St. Mary's) was built and consecrated in Glencoe, he was put in charge, as rector, of that church and congregation also.

Here was a sphere of work wide and large enough to occupy the energies of three or four priests; but Chinnery-Haldane proved equal to the situation. Not by a skilfully devised scheme of organizations but by sheer, hard, personal work, he kept his flocks well in hand. From time to time he had other clergymen working with or under him, but the burden of the work was borne by himself. To speak at all in detail of the character of his work, would only be to repeat what has been already said of his labours in Calne and Edinburgh. But there was this great difference to him between work in the Highlands, and labour in the streets and lanes of a town: although he could enjoy to the full the artistic and antiquarian interests which a great city can offer, city life in itself was not congenial to him; he preferred the simpler life of the country, and, as an athlete, it was a keen physical joy to him to go forth into the free air, to row himself (if need required) across the loch, and to wander over moor and mountain,

for miles and miles, in the pursuit of his pastoral duties.

In the course of his pastoral wanderings he had some strange experiences. I may here mention one or two instances of these, which, as I had them from his own lips, are not of the merely *ben trovato* kind.[1]

On one occasion Mr. Chinnery-Haldane went on a long expedition across the hills to a distant parishioner, intending to sleep, half-way home, at an inn, where he had stayed before. Being delayed longer than he expected, he found himself at the inn, after midnight, in a storm of wind and rain. The innkeeper and family were all in bed, the house was locked, and pebbles thrown against the bedroom windows attracted no attention. What was to be done? Chinnery-Haldane went round to the back of the house, found that the kitchen window was unlatched, opened it, and entered. There were the remains of a fire in the grate, this he managed to make into a cheerful flame; he found oat-cakes and milk, which he ate and drank; he divested himself of some of his wet clothes and hung them to dry; made a bed of chairs before the fire, and lay down to sleep. A small monkey watched all these proceedings with displeasure, and fled to the top of a press, whence he chattered angrily at the intruder. However, he contented himself with this, and did no harm, so the intruder slept safely and soundly, till he was wakened by

[1] I am not sure how far these may belong to Mr. Chinnery-Haldane's subsequent career as a Bishop; but they are typical of many adventures of the same kind which befell him during his Highland ministry, and so may be told here.

the scream of the maid-servant who, coming into the kitchen in the morning, was terrified to see an unsuspected guest stretched out asleep before the grate. The object of her terror looked up, and with a benign smile, said, "Good morning!"

Another adventure nearly cost Chinnery-Haldane his life. To visit an outlying district, he wished to cross a ferry, and applied to the ferryman to row him over. The man was well-known as a churl; it was late, and the evening was inclined to be somewhat stormy. The ferryman consequently refused very rudely to perform his office. He said the crossing would be dangerous, and he would ferry no one across that evening—"no, not if Queen Victoria herself came down, and wished to cross." Chinnery-Haldane, piqued at the man's rudeness, and believing the danger to be imaginary, quietly went to the shore, helped himself to a boat, and began to row himself across. But he soon found the danger to be as real as the incivility had been. What with the darkness, the rough weather, cross currents, and other disadvantages, he found that he was wholly unable to guide his boat. After drifting about for a time at the mercy of the wind and waves, his boat struck against some shore; he was able to land, and to pull up the boat. He then found he was on an uninhabited rock-island, where, strange to say, a belated wanderer in something the same plight as himself had also found refuge. The two had to do the best they could to keep themselves warm, till the tardy light of a winter's morning enabled them to put off. Chinnery-Haldane rowed

to his destination. I asked him what the ferryman had to say about the rape of his boat; he replied that he did not know, for he left the boat on the shore where he landed, and thought the surly ferryman deserved any trouble he might have in getting it back, as a punishment for his incivility! But he admitted that the adventure was a serious warning, and said that he would take care not to run such a risk again.

As I have noticed before, care and neatness in attire was one of Mr. Chinnery-Haldane's marked characteristics, so the astonishment of the servant may be imagined when he arrived one day to pay a call at a gentleman's house, his hands smeared with blood, and his clothes in general disarray, and asked to be shown to some room where he could remedy all this disorder. The fact was, that on his way to make his call, he had come upon a crofter who was vainly trying, unaided, to skin the carcass of a sheep. Unable to see any one in difficulty without endeavouring to be of use, the carefully dressed ecclesiastic had stayed to help the poor man in his scarcely dainty task, without a thought as to what might happen to his own person and clothing, with the result that has been described. Readers of Walton's "Lives" will remember that he relates a somewhat similar incident in the life of George Herbert.

The "Dean" of a Scottish diocese is generally a puzzling personage to English people. And no wonder, for his title does not in any way suggest the functions which he fulfils. Archpriest, Archpresbyter, Archdeacon, or Vicar-General would

be a more satisfactorily descriptive title. To put the matter shortly, a Scottish Dean is a priest nominated by the Bishop, from among the instituted clergy of his diocese, to take precedence over the rest on occasions when such a *preses* may be required. While the See is vacant, the Dean acts as Vicar-General, and administers the diocese in all such matters as do not require the intervention of one in Episcopal Orders. The Primus acts as Episcopal Ordinary. In 1881, the office of Dean in the Diocese of Argyll and the Isles fell vacant; what more natural than that the Bishop should confer the honour at his disposal on the priest who, since his reception into the diocese, had laboured with such conspicuous and unstinted zeal? The honour was offered and accepted, and Chinnery-Haldane became Dean of the United Diocese of Argyll and the Isles.

In 1882 the Dean had a great sorrow. His father, for whom he had a reverent tender love, passed away, at a ripe old age. The son had the privilege, which was a great comfort to him, of administering the last consolations of religion to his parent on his death-bed.

I am inclined to think that this (1879–1883) was the happiest period of Chinnery-Haldane's sacerdotal career. He had abundance of the work he loved best; he pursued it under most congenial circumstances; he was in enjoyment of splendid bodily health and strength; he had no more cares and anxieties than a man who has *mens sana in corpore sano* can easily bear; he possessed the fullest confidence of his ecclesiastical superior, with

the deep affection of many, and the regard and confidence of all with whom he was associated. But a change was at hand which, if it were destined to ripen and ennoble his already beautiful character, was no less destined to bring the weight of many cares into that earnest life of his, and to make a great difference not only in the circumstances of that life, but also in the man himself.

CHAPTER VIII

EPISCOPATE, 1883

On April 20, 1883, George Richard Mackarness, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, passed away, the victim of a cruel malady, from which he had vainly sought relief by a painful operation. The vacant See had to be filled.

According to the Canons of the Scottish Church, a Bishop must be elected by two chambers. (1) A Clerical Chamber, formed of the priests of the vacant diocese, of a certain standing. (2) A Lay Chamber, formed of lay communicants of the diocese, elected every three years, in every charge which has attained a certain canonical position. The elected must have secured a majority in each chamber. Only members of the Clerical Chamber have the right of nomination.

It is the duty of the Dean of the diocese to summon the electors, and to arrange for their meeting, after receiving a mandate from the Primus (Primate) requiring him to do so. On the reception of this document, Dean Chinnery-Haldane summoned the electors to meet at Cumbrae (where the cathedral church of the United Diocese of Argyll and the Isles is situated) on June 13. Most of the electors arrived the previous evening,

and were entertained by the Earl of Glasgow in his residence, The Garrison, or in the college attached to the cathedral.

On the day of election the Holy Eucharist was celebrated at 8 a.m. and at 11 a.m.; after this later service the meeting for the election was duly constituted by the Dean, who presided *de jure*. After the reading of the mandate from the Primus, the Dean called for nominations. Only his own name was proposed, the nominator being the Synod Clerk, the Rev. R. J. Mapleton, Incumbent of St. Columba's, Kilmartin. On votes being taken, it was found that all who had voted, in both chambers, had given their suffrages for the Dean, who had the task, somewhat embarrassing to a man of his great modesty, of declaring his own unanimous election, and of transmitting notice of the same to the Primus.

According to the Scottish Canons, an election to a vacant See is not finally effectual until it has been confirmed by the Primus with the consent of the com-provincial Bishops. The Dean's election had been announced in the public papers, and had drawn forth many comments and congratulations; his painful embarrassment may then be imagined when he received a letter from the Primus (Robert Eden, Bishop of Moray and Ross), saying that he delayed confirming the election until he had brought before the Dean a suggestion made by another of the Bishops, and that was, that it might be well, before the election was confirmed, that the Dean should resign his membership of two societies, which were considered "party" societies,

and to which it was known that he belonged, the Society of the Holy Cross, and the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. The Primus quoted the instance of a resignation by a nominee to an English bishopric, under somewhat similar circumstances, which had lately occurred. The Dean had no hesitation as to the answer he must make. In terms of great humility and respect, he replied that he had joined these societies for his spiritual benefit, and had received great help from his membership with them; he should consequently despise himself for ever if he severed himself from them in order to make sure of an ecclesiastical dignity. The Dean himself told me, at the time, that he felt when this letter was despatched that all was over, and that he practically had resigned the bishopric to which he had been elected. But it was not to be so. He received a gracious letter from the Primus, saying that membership of the societies in question on the part of the elected could not be considered a bar to the confirmation of the election; that he had thought it his duty to hand on the suggestion that had been made; and that he deeply respected the motives which made it impossible for the Dean to act upon it.[1] So the election was confirmed. The example given in this incident, and the lessons to be drawn from it, are of great value, but are too obvious to need dwelling upon.

The election (happily confirmed) naturally excited intense interest in the region which knew the

[1] Subsequently the Dean, when Bishop, withdrew from the Society of the Holy Cross, but not under pressure, only because he did not think that membership continued to be a spiritual help to him. To the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament he belonged to the end of his life.

Dean's labours. Some presentations and addresses were offered by the congregations which had known his pastoral care. It was wisely decided that the Consecration of one who had so identified himself with the cause of the Church in the Highlands should take place in the Highlands. A suitable church for the purpose was found at Fortwilliam; there the mean chapel in which "Episcopalians" long had worshipped had been replaced, through the exertions and munificence of Mr. G. B. Davy, of Spean Lodge, by the sumptuous little Church of St. Andrew, which is still one of the handsomest in Scotland. The day fixed for the ceremony was the Feast of St. Bartholomew (August 24). From far and near ecclesiastics and lay people flocked to Fortwilliam and its neighbourhood, and a temporary gallery had to be erected in the church in order to accommodate those who would be present.

There was a large house party at Alltshellach of those who were to be present at the Consecration. Among the guests was the Dean's beloved friend, the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, who had just resigned the living of St. Alban's, Holborn, to go to St. Peter's, London Docks. The Dean felt with intense seriousness the spiritual importance of the great change in his life which was coming on him. The bustle and excitement of a house full of guests was more than he could bear, he retired with his friend to Banavie, and spent the eve of his Consecration in religious retirement, making his Confession, and employing the time in exercises of devotion.

At the ceremony next day, the Primus (Bishop

Eden) was principal consecrator, and he was assisted by the Bishops of Glasgow (Wilson), Edinburgh (Cotterill), and Brechin (Jermyn), and also by Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, who was travelling in Scotland at the time, and by Bishop Kelly, late of Newfoundland (afterwards Bishop of Moray, etc., and Primus). There was a large attendance of priests, and the services of a competent choir had been secured for the occasion. The church was packed to its utmost capacity.

On the entry of the procession, the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* was chanted, and the service proceeded according to the prescribed order, which there is no occasion to describe in detail. The sermon was preached in Gaelic, by the Rev. Hugh MacColl, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, from St. John iv. 37, 38. The effect of the solemnity of the occasion on the *consecrandus* was so overpowering, that it almost overcame him. Luncheon in the schoolhouse followed the service, and later in the afternoon Evensong was sung in the church, and a sermon preached by the Rev. B. M. Kitson, the Vicar of All Saints', Clapton; now (1906) Rector of Barnes. So ended a most memorable day.

On his elevation to the episcopate, Bishop Chinnery-Haldane appointed in his room as Dean, the Provost of Cumbrae Cathedral, the Very Rev. F. R. H. H. Noyes, D.D.

The episcopate of the Catholic Church produces, and has always produced, Bishops of several types. There is the theologian Bishop, the philosopher Bishop, the educational Bishop, the organizing Bishop, the orator Bishop, the preaching Bishop,

the political Bishop, with other varieties which need not be named. He, of whom I may henceforth speak as "the Bishop," conformed to none of these types; I have before noted that he was a born pastor, and he became pre-eminently a pastoral Bishop, a type which has produced perhaps a larger proportion of Episcopal Saints than even the learned or theological type.

After his Consecration, the Bishop would by no means drop his pastoral or parochial work, but he gradually came to appreciate, more and more, the wider and more extended import of his office. The Episcopal Synod of the Scottish Church, though it is not, by itself, a legislative body, fulfils important judicial, executive, and administrative functions of various kinds. The periodical and occasional meetings of this body are fairly frequent; and matters of weight, by no means confined to mere routine business, have to be dealt with by it. The attendance of the Bishops is also desired at many of the quarterly board and committee meetings of the Representative Church Council, and also at the general meeting of that Council held annually. The place of meeting of these Synods, boards, and committees was never in the Bishop's own neighbourhood; to attend them put him to not a little expense of time and money, and involved on each occasion some days of absence from home. Except when matters of purely spiritual and ecclesiastical interest were to be debated in Synod, the greater part of the business transacted was uninteresting, sometimes unintelligible to him

(for, as has been noted, he was without what is ordinarily meant by business capacity), yet, despite all this, because he came to consider attendance at these meetings a duty involved in his office, he was diligent and punctual in being present at them. Often and often, after an attendance of hours at some board or committee, he would groan lamentably over the waste of time, and confess that he had not understood what the discussions had been about; still, he never relaxed in his attendance; it was his duty to be there.

He felt the same of the occasions on which Scottish Bishops are invited to England to join with others of the Anglican Episcopate in taking part in, or in discussing something of mutual interest. He made it a matter of conscience to be present on these occasions. In every way, he realized that he had been consecrated not merely to be the overseer of a handful of charges on the west coast of Scotland, but to exercise the office and work of a Bishop "in the Church of God." And this realization increased in serious intensity as time went on.

But this realization of the wider scope of his office did not weaken for an instant the strength of the pastoral instinct in his heart and soul. After his accession to the episcopate, he very reluctantly severed his parochial connection with the charges he had cared for so long. He gradually provided them with rectors of their own. It was long before he could persuade himself to resign the incumbency of St. Bride's, Nether Lochaber, into other hands; but circumstances at

last convinced him of the wisdom of doing so. Even after he ceased to be a *parochus*, he took every opportunity of fulfilling the office of a pastor to those who lived around him.

And his regimen of his diocese was eminently pastoral. He was no organizer, and he was not in his element as president or chairman of committees or meetings. The slowness with which his mind moved made it impossible for him to follow the course of proceedings, or to discern when matters were getting off the right course, with the alertness so absolutely essential to an efficient chairman. But his deficiences in these respects were more than compensated for by the superlative excellence of the way in which he fulfilled the character of a *pastor pastorum*. This was eminently noticeable in his Confirmation tours. When he was to confirm in any parish, he frequently arrived at the place the night before. He always avoided, if possible, staying at the great house; not from any ungenial dislike to social intercourse, but mainly, I think, because the deferential courtesy, which was natural to him, prevented his taking advantage of the *sans gêne* which is to most such an agreeable feature of modern hospitality; in a great house, he used to say, he could not feel his own master; he felt more bound to hold himself at the disposition of his host and hostess than they would perhaps have expected him to be, and so he was conscious that his time was wasted in waiting for what other people might be inclined to do, and he could not get to what he longed to be doing. Consequently

if possible he preferred, in making his tours, to stay at an hotel or inn, unless he felt sure that he could be received at the parsonage without embarrassment to his own liberty, or that of others.

After arrival, his first question to the rector often was, "Is there any one whom I should go and see?" And then, either accompanied by the parish priest, or alone, as was deemed most advisable, he would go and visit any who were recommended to him, high or low, rich or poor, sick or whole, Church people or dissidents. He liked on the occasion of these visits to say some simple prayers with the family, but he was always ready to accept the suggestion that it would be wiser not to offer to do this. He would sometimes stay two or three days in charge, visiting scattered members of the Church, cheering them by his kindly interest, strengthening them in their faith.

During his stay, he valued opportunities of celebrating or preaching. The priest might have to apologize for small attendances at church, for few candidates for Confirmation; but the Bishop never discouraged, his pastoral experience enabled him to sympathize with a priest in his parochial difficulties and hindrances, he knew that evident success does not always attend good honest work, and he could discern the faithful pastor by other signs than by large congregations. I remember hearing an experienced ecclesiastic, of the Evangelical school, say, that it makes all the difference to the parochial clergy in their dealings with their Bishop whether he has himself been a parish priest or not; if he has, there is a bond of sympathy

and mutual comprehension between priest and Bishop, which is wholly wanting in the case of a prelate, whose experiences have been only scholastic or academical, however kind and wise he may be. The link was not missing in the case of Bishop Chinnery-Haldane. In administering Confirmation, his whole manner bore witness to his intense realization of the sacramental character and unspeakable sacredness of the rite. But his Confirmation addresses appealed more to the elder people who heard them than to the younger candidates, for reasons which will be obvious to those who realize certain of the special characteristics of the Bishop's mind.

While administering other Sacraments gave him a continually renewed pleasure, the Bishop shrank from conferring Holy Orders; he feared so greatly the responsibility of sending forth into the Church men with such terrible powers of harming the cause of Christ as the clergy. This fear caused him an anxiety which was a real pain.

He rather discouraged men from seeking Ordination in his diocese, on the reasonable ground that the isolated position of most of the charges in it would probably expose a newly ordained man to the solitary exercise of his ministry, just when he would need all the supervision and opportunities of experienced counsel that he could get. He did not think it right to expose shepherds and flocks to the evils which must arise out of this state of things.

No candidate was accepted without full knowledge of his antecedents, from personal observation,

or as the result of anxious painstaking inquiry. When accepted, the Bishop had a way, specially his own, of dealing with ordinands. He was very chary of exercising his canonical right of dispensing with the preliminary educational qualifications authoritatively set forth in the Canons as desirable. But what he required before all things was, that the ordinand should be faultlessly orthodox in the Nicene Faith, and should be able to express it in unexceptionable theological terms. He took the same course with regard to the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. As years went on, he left ordination examinations less and less to his chaplains, and more and more conducted them himself, conferring constantly with the candidate personally, during the time of examination; himself setting the papers of questions, and carefully going over the answers given. After examination, he used to like to have, with the accepted candidate, a sort of spiritual retreat, of longer or shorter duration, during the time before the Ordination day. Some spiritual book would be read, with much prayer, and such advice was given as was thought to be needed. During this time, the Bishop minutely instructed the candidate for Priest's Orders in the manner of celebrating the Eucharist; no detail was thought by him to be too insignificant to be gone into. Occasionally, the next day after Ordination the newly ordained priest would celebrate, the Bishop himself serving him.

Priests are not infrequently urged to be loyal to their Bishops. So they should be. But is there not a loyalty which the Bishop should show to

his priests? Certainly Bishop Chinnery-Haldane seemed to think that there is, and he showed this loyalty. He never (to use a current expression) "gave away" his clergy to the complaining lay-man or woman; he never sought to secure, what he valued most highly, the good will of the laity, by sacrificing their priests to their animosities or prejudices.

In his clergy, I should say, the first thing he desired was that they should be men. He had, along with a tender consideration for physical weakness or ill health, almost a contempt for mere softness and luxuriousness in a priest. He never seemed, I remember, to get over what was almost a positive dislike to a clergyman because of the unmanly fuss he made over a slight accident which befell him while visiting some cottages with the Bishop. The case was mentioned before him of a priest who was wont to exhibit himself to his parishioners in tops and breeches, flourishing a hunting-crop. The Bishop admitted that this was unseemly, but he added that if he were dying, and wished to make his Confession, he would sooner send for the man in boots and breeches than for a man in flannels on his way to play lawn-tennis with a party of girls; the hunting cleric would probably be a man, whereas the other ——!

But if the Bishop wished his priests to be men, he no less wished them to remember that they were clergymen. He had the greatest possible dislike to anything unprofessional in dress or manner. A moustache on a priest's face apart from a beard, he could not abide. He not only

desired to see the clergy in raiment of a suitable cut, but he was pained at the way in which some of them seemed to think that Ordination exonerated them from the necessity of being well groomed, especially when in general company. I have often heard him remark, "Why should a man, because he is a priest, think that he can go among people with an ill-brushed coat, soiled collar and cuffs, and dirty boots, when, were he a layman, he would not dream of doing such things?"

Though the Chinnery-Haldanes went very little into society, Alltshellach House was from the first a centre of generous hospitality, and this continued to be the case, on even a larger scale than before, after the master of the house was raised to the episcopate. The Bishop has been described as "a perfect host," and he presided over a perfectly ordered household, the special charm of which was, of course, due to the way in which things were managed by a gracious hostess. Those who were privileged to be of the autumn house parties at Alltshellach met there many notable, interesting, and agreeable fellow-guests with whom they were sure to have "a good time;" but perhaps the days, the memories of which linger most of all in the mind of the visitor, are the Sundays; they were like Sundays nowhere else. The day began with a Celebration of the Eucharist at 8.30 a.m. in the private chapel,—a convenience for those who were not inclined to walk the short mile to the parish church, St. Bride's, where a Celebration took place at the same hour. At both these services unmistakably Catholic ceremonial was used, with the

ornamenta that such ceremonial demands; but all was done so entirely without fuss or ostentation, that Evangelical visitors of the non-militant type could attend the service at either church or chapel with edification. After breakfast, there was a general adjournment to St. Bride's for Matins and Litany, or on occasions for a Celebration accompanied by simple music and hymns. As the singing at these services was entirely unpretentious, no one thought of criticizing it. The sermon was often preached by the Bishop, who always took a share in the service, sitting in a stall in the choir, and wearing a simple surplice and stole. After this service, and the midday meal (which on Sundays at Alltshellach was "dinner"), the guests were free to enjoy the beauties of the place, and to occupy themselves at will, there being no afternoon service to make a demand on any one's devotion.

After tea came what was the characteristic feature of the day. At St. Bride's the evening service and sermon were wholly in Gaelic, which made them, as a rule, unattractive to visitors. The whole house party consequently traversed the loch in a boat or boats, to attend the service at St. John's, on the other side. The Bishop generally assisted in rowing his company across, divesting himself of coat and hat, and plying the oars vigorously. He did this in the simplest way, as if for a Bishop to row a boat full of guests to church was a mere everyday occurrence, and yet no one felt that he lost in dignity by the way in which he acted boatman. Evensong at

St. John's was in English, varied by some prayers or lessons in Gaelic; the Bishop in surplice and stole assisted in the English part of the office, and often preached. As at St. Bride's, the singing at St. John's was hearty and unpretentious. There was no landing-stage on the Ballachulish side of the loch, and the re-embarking, in the gloom of an autumn evening, from the broken shore, was the cause of many small adventures, and much cheerful embarrassment. In the end all were rowed safely back to Alltshellach, where a well-spread supper awaited them, over which the Bishop presided with that look of calm, pleased geniality which will never be forgotten by those who once saw it. In the lively talk, which is a necessary characteristic of a cheerful supper-party, the Bishop took his full share, always ready to listen, and to fall in with the humour of the moment, but never descending to anything that could ever be called foolish, still less to anything that came near the limit that separates right from wrong. Those who did not know the Bishop *en famille*, at his table, did not know him under one of his most charming aspects. The day closed with Compline in the chapel.

Oh, those autumn Sundays at Alltshellach! How they linger in one's memory! The sanctity of the day pervaded everything, yet there was no gloom, formalism, or constraint. The very sky seemed brighter, and the mountains more solemn and restful, and the lochs more calm and peaceful, on those beautiful Sabbaths. And the simple devotion of the services, and the courteous geniality

of the host, and the grace of the hostess, and the agreeable companionship—can it be really true that those days have passed away for ever, and can never return in all the unique charm which made them so precious?

It may have been noticed above that the Bishop took no part in the Gaelic service at St. Bride's, or in those portions of the service at St. John's which were said in that tongue. When he first began his work at Ballachulish as priest, he endeavoured to acquire "the Gaelic," and he even, to a limited extent, attempted to use the language in officiating. He was, however, not expert as a linguist, and he soon found that he was past the age at which he could have hoped to acquire sufficient facility in a new tongue to be able to use it to edification. So he very wisely resolved to keep in Divine Service to "the English."

An English priest, to whom I spoke of the Bishop's labours, asked the number of charges and clergy in the diocese. On hearing the number, he said, with a smile, "Why your Bishop can have nothing to do!" In reply, I showed him a map of the Diocese; a very short study of it caused him to change his mind. There may be others who, like my English friend, judging from numbers alone, might be inclined to think the Bishopric of Argyll and the Isles a sinecure. There could be no greater mistake. I have heard it stated of one of the busiest English dioceses, that the Bishop from his cathedral city can reach by railroad the furthest limit of his diocese in twenty minutes. The Bishop of Argyll, starting from the centre of

his diocese and travelling by water as well as by land, could not reach the more distant charges much under a day's journey even at the season when train and steamer arrangements are most favourable; out of this season the same journey would cut into two days. From this some idea may be formed of the labour involved in superintending even a few charges scattered up and down in islands and on a coast so deeply indented and intersected by lochs and estuaries, which more or less directly open into the Atlantic Ocean, that at times it affords anything but a tranquil water way for the traveller.

St. Bartholomew's Day

1883

The following graceful poem, written under the inspiration of the Consecration Service at Fort William, expresses what many hearts were feeling on the occasion. To explain the allusions in the opening lines, it should be said that St. Bartholomew's Day, 1883, began amidst heavy gloom and pouring rain.

Heavy breaks the morning grey
O'er Loch Linnhe's silent way,
Heavily the curtain chill
Creeps along the shrouded hill.
Thick and fast the huge clouds steal
Where the bays of fair Loch Eil
Wind by many a mountain crest
Far into the viewless west.
Thus it breaks, this gladsome day.
But no mists can chase away
Sunshine from the hearts all bright
With a supernatural light.
Such the light that, all unseen,
Sheds its hallowing festal beam
O'er this village, 'neath the hills—
Such the unearthly joy that fills
Where in high august array
Heaven's own Princes meet to-day;
Meet, to frame another strand
In the dread Christ-woven band,
That beneath a thousand skies
Binds the nineteen centuries.

Land of Saints! through bitterest ways,
Thou hast reached thy peaceful days:
Outcast on the mountain side
Thou hast kept thy Passion-tide,
Learning by His side to wait
Whom they led "without the gate."
Thou hast seen thy faithful band
Crushed beneath the tyrant's hand.
Priests and people watch have kept
While the winter storm wind swept
Wild across the moor and glen—
Thou hast reared thine Altar then—
And beneath the lowering skies
Offered up the Sacrifice.
Land of Saints! the prayers of old
Circle still the one true Fold;
Still Columba pleads for thee,
As beside the Western Sea,
Pleads with wrestling mightier still
Than in his own I-colm-kill;
Still St. Ninian's work a sweet
Savour brings to Christ's dear feet;
And thy glorious Patron's name
Glows with Apostolic flame.

Echoes still thine exile-cry
In thy new-found liberty.
Far and wide the sheep have strayed,
From the Fold's all-sheltering shade.
By the Shepherd's toil and pain
Thou must win them back again;
Send thy sons the lost to seek,
Heal the wounded, raise the weak,
In His steps, the Shepherd Good,
Whose they are, the bought with Blood.
Scotland's Church, august and fair,
By the might of work and prayer,
By the Faith revealed of yore,
Thou shalt win the land once more.
Clear and loud the bells ring out,
Shaming fear and scattering doubt;

Loving faithful hearts they call
To the awful ritual.
Where by man to man is given
Christ's own Pastoral Staff of heaven;
Where the Princely hands of power
Pass the dread Apostle's dower
To the faithful Priest they own
Meet to fill the Island's Throne.
Now with song and fair array
Pass the Priests who meet to-day,
Come from many a distant home,
From beside the Western foam,
From the haunts of endless toil,
From the city's din and moil,
Who have faced a faithless age
For the Church's heritage;
Thee we greet amidst the Feast,
Brave Confessor, dauntless Priest,
Who hast waged the war divine
By the Proto-Martyr's shrine.

One by one, in solemn line,
They who hold the Gift Divine,
Fathers of the Church, pass on
To the white-robed Altar-Throne.
Prelates from the Sisterland
Join the Apostolic band.
Scotland's Bishops welcome there
Him who fills St. Cuthbert's Chair;
Last he comes, whom Scotland owns
First upon her Pastoral Thrones,
Whose cathedral stands to bless
The fair city by the Ness.

Pastoral vows are duly made,
Prayers with solemn lips are said,
Sacred hands are raised in might
There in men and angels' sight.
He who kneels before the shrine
Rises up, through grace divine
Strong in sacramental dower,
Now to wield the Staff of power.

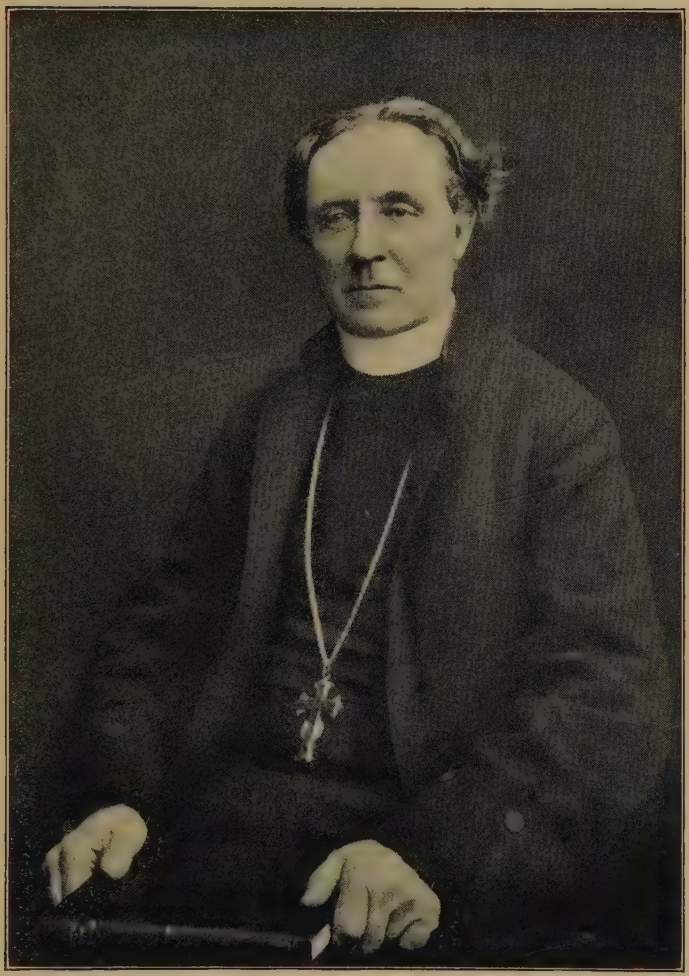
Countless are the hopes that rise
O'er the Bloodless Sacrifice
Offered up for him whose brow
Bears the awful Mitre now.
Countless are the prayers that go
Heavenward in resistless flow.
Deep the thanks that he to-day
O'er the Western land holds sway.
And with glow of special yearning,
With a strange unuttered burning,
They for him must wrestle there
Who have owned his priestly care,
By Loch Leven's mountain side
On the stretch of moorland wide,
Where the storm clouds hurrying go
O'er the peaks of wild Glencoe.
Hewers in the mountain stone,
They have heard his loving tone
Telling of their chosen place
In the building of God's grace,
And the faithful souls that He
Calls its living stones to be.

It is done! the awful Rite.
Eyes are sparkling; hearts are bright;
And beside the loch's still shore
Brother souls must part once more.
And the calm grey afternoon
Deepens into eve full soon
With a silence strange that fills
All the village 'neath the hills.

So the wondrous Feast-day ends:
And the festal gladness blends
With a thrill of solemn calm
Like the closing Compline psalm.
But the wonder and the grace
Years avail not to efface:
And the Church's long sad story,
Echoing through this morning's glory,

Binds with deathless cords our union
With the high august communion,
That with dauntless hope within
Lives the strife of God to win,
Drawing souls in patience wise
To her ancient ministries.

Christ be with thee, Prelate true,
Pledged for Him to dare and do.
Christ be with thee, guide thee still
With His Light thy land to fill.
Loch and moor, and mountains' crest,
All the sweet mysterious West,
Kintyre's shores and Islay's bays,
Argyll's loch-indented ways,
Skye's dark peaks and waters wild,
Fill them with His sunshine mild ;
To the barren western shore
'Midst the great Atlantic's roar,
Where the rocky headland stands
Looking to the Arctic lands.
Christ be with thee, aid thy strife,
On the tossing sea of Life.
Christ, the Shepherd good, with power
Guard thee in thy sunset hour.
Christ, upon the golden shore
Crown thy work for evermore !



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JULY, 1897.

CHAPTER IX

EPISCOPATE—*continued*

Charges—Lambeth Conferences—The College at Cumbrae—Mr. Mackonochie's Death—Minister of Baptism—D.D. Degree.

THE Canons of the Scottish Church require that each Diocesan Synod shall meet annually. On these occasions it has always been customary for the Bishop to address his clergy on some topic of interest, if any such happens to be attracting the attention of Churchmen, but a formal Charge is often dispensed with. The Bishop of Argyll, however, at the first meeting of his Synod after his Consecration (August 30, 1883), delivered a Charge which was the first of a series regularly delivered, annually, at the Synod. The Bishop surrounded the delivery of these Charges with all the solemnity possible. The canonical celebration of the Eucharist was at an early hour; later in the morning the Synod usually met for business in a hall or school-room, but before this the clergy assembled again in church, where the Bishop, arrayed in cope and mitre, after invocation of the Holy Ghost, sat in his chair before the Altar, and delivered his Charge.

These Charges were always printed (*in extenso*, or abridged) in the Church newspapers, and they were afterwards issued in full in separate form. It

is a remarkable fact that these Charges were eagerly looked for, not only in Scotland, but throughout England, and even in America and in the Colonies. Again and again the question was asked from England, "Why do *our* Bishops never give us such Charges?" The question may have been fair or unfair; it certainly was asked repeatedly; I merely record the fact.

The attractive power in these Charges did not lie in the treatment of theological or ecclesiastical questions in an original, novel, or deeply learned fashion, for as a rule doctrinal matters were dealt with according to the most usual way of treating them among Catholic theological writers, with a strict regard for accuracy and a studied moderation; their attraction rather lay in the appeal they always made to the more sacred spiritual instincts in man, in the way in which they strove to reach the heart.

Those who knew the history of the composition of these Charges hardly wondered at their spiritual power. They gave out what had been put into them. While writing a Charge the Bishop was (one may almost say literally) "in travail" with it. Days and nights were spent over the work, the Charge was written and rewritten, and written over again. And this, not to secure a finished literary style, of which the Bishop never imagined himself to be a master, but just to be sure that everything was so expressed as best to bring out the spiritual truths he wished to emphasize. In his anxious humility to make the best of his work, the Bishop would sometimes consult others about it;

but no one could be of use to him ; he had his own ideal, he felt obliged to express it in his own way, and the adviser was nearly sure to miss the point. I remember his consulting me about a Charge which he felt was too long. I suggested the omission of certain sections,—these were concerned with the very points he wished most to insist on ! I suggested that there was an overabundance of epithets and adjectives, the curtailment of which would greatly lighten the composition,—every epithet and adjective had been put in with a purpose ! I suggested that some clauses were only repetitions of what was also said elsewhere,—the repetitions were made of set purpose ! And so on. Whether they could have been improved or no, the Charges were the outcome of much prayer, and of intensely earnest effort to speak for the best ; no wonder they exercised a spiritual power that could be felt.

Two meetings of the Lambeth (Pan-Anglican) Conferences were held during Bishop Chinnery-Haldane's episcopate, in 1888 and in 1897 ; to these he was of course invited, and he attended them. He paid the closest attention to all proceedings on both occasions, and was intensely interested in everything ; but he did not take a prominent part in any of the debates. An unsympathetic observer, however, noticed that when he did address the Conference he obtained an amount of interested attention which was surprising considering how small was his share in the gifts that make a successful public speaker. But his dignified modesty would conciliate attention, and serious men engaged

in serious discussion would respond to the seriousness of purpose which marked every word uttered by him in public, and which more than atoned for his lack of oratorical gifts.

At the annual meetings of the Representative Church Council, which (as has been noted) the Bishop never failed to attend, he very seldom spoke, and if he did, he did not seem to produce much impression on the meeting, though his personality always secured him a warm reception; but at the first annual meeting of the Council (May, 1906), held after he had passed away, a member, who observed what a blank his absence made, said, in reply to the remark that the Bishop seldom spoke, "Yes, but it is *an influence* that we miss."

About the middle of the last century, the sixth Earl of Glasgow (then the Hon. George Frederick Boyle) restored the continuous exercise of the worship of the Church in the Isle of Cumbrae, where "The Garrison," his favourite residence, was situated in the town of Millport. He constructed a chapel (St. Andrew's) just within the borders of his private grounds, and soon afterwards he erected a small but stately church dedicated to the Holy Spirit, flanked north and south by collegiate buildings, and situated in charmingly laid out grounds in the immediate vicinity of his mansion.

This institution ultimately became, (1) a theological seminary for training ordinands for the service of the Scottish Church; (2) a sort of long vacation resort for English University men, who were reading for Orders. The first of these purposes the college at Cumbrae did not fulfil to any

considerable extent; for the second purpose it was largely taken advantage of; the names of many who have since risen to eminence in the Church of England are found in the college calendars among those who came to read at Cumbrae. A school of resident choristers was also established by Lord Glasgow's liberality. For a considerable time the college seemed to be in a condition of great prosperity. It was under the government of a Provost, who was assisted by three resident canons (one of whom was *parochus* of St. Andrew's); there might be as many as seven or eight clerical residents, some of whom acted as tutors or lecturers, and some eighteen or twenty students. The Founder secured, as he believed, a sufficient endowment for his institution, and his purse was always opened with lavish generosity to supply anything and everything that was needed or supposed to be needed. In 1876 the church was solemnly consecrated, and was constituted the Cathedral Church of the Diocese of Argyll and the Isles.

In 1885 a crash came. It was heard with astonishment that Lord Glasgow had succumbed to overwhelming financial disaster. All that belonged to him in the Isle of Cumbrae was sold, and the whole of this portion of the earl's property was bought by a well-known Roman Catholic nobleman, the late Marquis of Bute. The church and college buildings with their grounds were saved to the Church because they had been safely vested in the hands of trustees; but of the endowments it was found that part was lost through a legal

defect in the deed of donation, while the rest was not available for ecclesiastical purposes during the Founder's life. A Roman Catholic nobleman could not be expected to allow the continuance of an Anglican chapel in the private grounds of a mansion which had become his own; but Canon Dakers, who was then *parochus* of St. Andrew's, with great promptitude secured a disused schoolroom to which the furnishings of the lapsed chapel were transferred, and where the services formerly held in the surrendered sanctuary were carried on. As to the cathedral and college, the Provost (Dr. Noyes[1]) resigned and left, clerical and academical residents departed, the choir school was broken up, and the buildings closed.

This catastrophe laid a burden, full of cruel perplexities, upon the Bishop. What was he to do with this ruined institution? Some said, Let it go. It was known that Lord Bute was ready to give any sum that could reasonably be asked for the buildings and grounds. The college had never in any notable way served the cause of the Church in the Diocese, why not be content with securing little St. Andrew's, which would serve all practically required purposes, and use the money gained by the sale of the college in any way that would best benefit the diocese?

But the Bishop would not undertake the responsibility of adopting this course. First, chivalrous consideration for Lord Glasgow's feelings would not allow the Bishop thus, in the Founder's lifetime and before his eyes, to deal summarily with

[1] Now Rector of Crichel, near Wimborne.

what had been the fruit of his noblest intentions. And then, taking a large view of matters, the Bishop said, that through the newspapers the report would go forth, far and wide throughout the world, that an Anglican cathedral in Scotland had been sold to the Roman Catholics. Hardly any one would know the real insignificance of the transaction; the impression created by the report would no doubt be wholly delusive, but for all that it would do untold harm, to the reputation of the Scottish Church in particular, and even to some extent to that of the Anglican Communion in general. Some people called this quixotic, but thoughtful men saw that there was real reason in the Bishop's apprehensions.

To bring the painful position of things to an end, the Bishop, by means of ample resources put at his disposal, became personally responsible for all costs and charges involved in retaining possession of the college buildings and grounds. But to what purposes could they be put? To maintain them in their former condition would be an expense beyond the Bishop's large means.

In 1886 a London clergyman offered to come and reside at the college, and to undertake to train such occasional aspirants to Holy Orders as the Bishop might send him. The Bishop accepted the offer with some misgivings, as he felt out of harmony with some of the clergyman's ways of looking at things. However, the experiment was tried, but it was not a success. The priest, the single occupant of a deserted college in a small island, found his isolated position less bearable than

he had expected, and there were other difficulties; so at the end of 1887 he left, and the church and college relapsed into desertion and solitude, in which condition it remained, except on some three or four occasions, for the next four years and more.

In 1890 the Founder passed away. He was buried (30th April) in the cathedral cemetery; the Bishop officiated at the obsequies.

The cathedral and college in its desolate silence was a haunting distress to the Bishop's mind. He frequently talked the matter over with me, and at length, in 1891, suggested to me in Edinburgh, where I was then serving, that I might be willing to help him in the matter. When Provost Noyes resigned, in 1885, the Bishop had appointed himself Provost, as a stop-gap arrangement; he now proposed that he should resign this office, and appoint to it myself, offering to make financial arrangements which would enable me to undertake the post. I agreed, and the plan was carried out. In February 1892 I came into residence in the college, at Cumbrae. At the time that all these arrangements were made, it was taken for granted that Canon Dakers would remain at Millport as *parochus*, but his health failed; he resigned his charge, and left Cumbrae in May 1892.[1] At the end of the year the Bishop appointed me Rector of St. Andrew's, so that the spiritual charge of the faithful in the island might be in one hand.

One great desire of his, which the Bishop hoped would be accomplished by the restoration to use of

[1] Canon Dakers died at Clifton in 1899. R.I.P.

the cathedral and college buildings, was the resumption of the daily round of prayer and sacrifice, in the name of the whole diocese, in the Mother Church; and accordingly very soon the daily Eucharist, with daily public recitation of the Divine Office, was recommenced, and has been continued ever since, at least whenever the Provost is in residence. Another of the Bishop's heart's desires was the annual provision of an opportunity for a spiritual Retreat in the college, for the priests of the Diocese and elsewhere. This desire also was fulfilled, and (with one omission) a Retreat was held in the college year by year, from 1892 to 1905.

These Retreats were a matter of the greatest interest to the Bishop; he spared no pains in his endeavours to secure competent conductors, and by word or writing he personally pressed the importance of taking advantage of each occasion as it occurred on his clergy individually. He never once failed to attend the annual Retreat himself, and his presence there was, as has been said, "an inspiration and an example." He was punctual in attendance at all the Hours, and at the addresses and meditations. At the Daily Office in choir he sat in what would technically be called the "Cantor's" stall, robed in laced rochet, with stole and pectoral cross. The part he liked to take was the reading of the lessons, for which purpose he did not go to a lectern, but turned round in his stall and read from the office book which he held in his hand. The simple gravity and reverence with which he punctually performed all the lesser

ceremonies, usual among Catholic worshippers, was in itself a lesson in reverential worship. At entering or leaving church or choir, during the Eucharist or Offices, in approaching or leaving the Altar, he never omitted the bowings, the genuflexions, the signings with the cross, which common custom among Western Catholics prescribes. Yet all was done with quiet unostentation.

The situation of the church and college at Cumbrae, shut in amid groves of well-grown trees, with quiet shady alleys for meditative walks, makes the place an ideal resort for a religious Retreat, but unfortunately it is difficult of access. It is not very easily reached from any great centre which travellers frequent, except Glasgow ; it is on the way to nowhere else ; and the necessity for employing a double mode of transit (by railway and by boat), adds, in more ways than one, to the difficulty of getting to or from the island.

Living in an island is apt to be more expensive than elsewhere, so large a proportion of the things necessary to modern life have to come from beyond, this adds (by means of extra carriage, pier dues, carter's charges) a percentage that can be felt to the price of everything. Hence providing for a Retreat at Cumbrae is a more costly affair than many might imagine. The Bishop stipulated that all the diocesan clergy should be received as his guests, free of all charge ; he would not allow other retreatants to be asked for more than fifteen shillings for their entertainment ; he insisted on a generously supplied table, wine and beer being provided *ad libitum*. It will be seen from all this,

that at the end of each Retreat there was a serious discrepancy between the cost of entertainment, and the sum paid by retreatants. It is needless, perhaps, to say that the Bishop always made this deficiency good; in addition, he defrayed the conductors' travelling expenses, and gave generous gratuities to various servants and officials.

Among the cell-like bedrooms in the college is one that bears on the door the quaint inscription *Infirmorum cubiculum;* it was intended to be an infirmary chamber for sick members of the community. A window opens into the choir of the church, through it one looks down on to the High Altar. This bedroom, being the most commodious, was always reserved for the Bishop's use, and he occupied it at Retreats and at other times. The room is so associated with him in one's mind that it is impossible, even yet, to realize that he will never occupy it again. I think I shall scarcely be startled if, on going into it, I shall some day see him, in purple cassock, seated at the table covered with books and papers, busily writing, the window wide open (whatever the weather or time of year) to let in a flood of the sweet fresh air from outside.

In 1886 a distressing domestic calamity fell on the Bishop and his family. His second son, Vernon, in the August of that year, went out shooting in company with a young servant. As they were crossing the loch, the gun became somehow entangled in the boat's rope, and went off; the charge lodged in Mr. Vernon's right arm. At first it seemed possible that, though the accident was serious enough, the arm might be saved, and

between hopes and fears the time lingered on till things came to a crisis. On October 15, it was plain that amputation was inevitable, and it took place. When the accident happened the Bishop was from home, on a diocesan tour; on his return he found things worse than he had anticipated; his distress may be imagined. When the crisis came he ministered to his son with tender solicitude.

From early days, St. Alban's, Holborn, greatly attracted the Bishop. But the attraction did not lie chiefly in the stately ceremonial for which the Church became famous, even though it was accompanied by the clear enunciation of Catholic truth which was heard from the pulpit, but what appealed above all to the Bishop was the strongly Evangelical character of Mr. Mackonochie's preaching; a feature scarcely less prominent in the preaching of his faithful friend and coadjutor, Mr. Stanton. As time went on, things were done and said at St. Alban's which (for a variety of reasons) did not approve themselves to the Bishop's mind, yet he never lost his affection for the Church, and never failed to be at least among the worshippers there when he was in London. He knew perfectly well that his cleaving in this way to St. Alban's laid him open to misapprehension, that it did him no good with some whose approbation he valued, but he felt that here were men, who by making a stand for that Catholic and Evangelical religion which he valued more than life, had sacrificed all their prospects of worldly advantage. If they made mistakes, so does every one, and the Bishop had a heart too generous to allow him to make

these mistakes an excuse for obscuring the fact that in all main principles he was at one with them. He felt too great gratitude to St. Alban's for the spiritual comfort and building up which he had received from the preaching there.

An eminent ecclesiastic, a personal friend of Mr. Mackonochie's, sent him privately a message, when troubles began to thicken, that he was heart and soul with him as much as ever he was, but that he thought he could help his friend best by seeming to "pass by on the other side." Of course the message was not put into such crudely plain language as this, but this was what it meant. Of such mean diplomacy as this the Bishop was incapable.

For Mr. Mackonochie the Bishop had a deep personal affection; though he did not regard him any more than any one else as his spiritual director, he frequently made use of his ministry as confessor. This is not the place in which to enter on the sad and weary story of the prosecutions and persecutions which harassed the clergy of St. Alban's during so many years; the effect of them on their principal object was calamitous to the last degree. Mr. Mackonochie bore the long-continued series of cruel anxieties, affronts, suspicions, accusations, and penalties, with a brave front, and to all outward appearance with an unbroken spirit; but even a courageous man, strong in health, mind, and body, cannot endure some things beyond a certain limit with impunity. Mr. Mackonochie's mind became strangely confused and clouded; his right judgment in things moral and spiritual

remained unimpaired, and his faith clear and unshaken; but in dealing with practical matters he was apt to become so hopelessly confused that it was impossible to guess what strange mistake he might not make next. In this distressing condition it was, of course, impossible for the really *martyred* priest to continue his pastoral work anywhere; but the doors of Alltshellach were always open to receive him, there he was sure to find a refuge where he would be surrounded by all the care that reverent affection could suggest.

In December, 1887, Mr. Mackonochie was staying with me in Edinburgh; he had been with the Bishop in the north, but had come with him on a visit to the capital. The Bishop had gone north again, and his friend was to join him at Alltshellach later on. I had a letter from Mrs. Chinnery-Haldane imploring me to keep my guest till the Bishop had actually returned; she had an instinctive dread of danger from the long walks which Mr. Mackonochie delighted to take, if he, in his present state of mind, went alone; she was not strong enough to accompany him on these lengthy expeditions, and she had no one at home whom she could send with him as companion.

But most strangely Mr. Mackonochie had a fatal *idée fixe* that the Bishop expected him back at an earlier date than it really was wished he should return. Remonstrance was useless. He owed so very much to the Bishop, he said, that it would be a failure in due respect if he did not go back by the date which was fixed in his poor head.

So there was nothing for it but to let him go. He made his Communion (his last) on Thursday, December 8, the Feast of the Conception of our Lady; it was on the following Saturday that I saw him off from the Waverley Station, on his way back to Ballachulish; he accomplished the journey without accident. What happened afterwards is best told in the following graphic letter from the Bishop which he wrote to me, as will be seen, immediately on the occurrence of the tragedy which it relates.

"Ballachulish. IV. Sunday in Advent, 1887.

"My dear Friend,

"Though our beloved brother Mackonochie has doubtless entered into the joy of his Lord, this is to us a day of sorrow and sighing. But I am anxious to tell you all.

". . . Last Thursday morning, before I had returned from Ardchattan, etc., our beloved friend told Mrs. C.-H. that he intended to take a long walk to the head of the loch. The day was fine and he took his luncheon with him, as he did not intend to be back till late in the afternoon. He was in perfect health and good spirits, and had taken nearly the same walk the day before, though then he had not allowed himself time to get quite to the head of the loch. The road all the way is excellent, and fit for carriages. He was seen by several people going along the road with the two dogs, and being, as you know, an excellent walker, he reached Kinloch (the head of Loch Leven) before two o'clock. After that he was seen (instead of returning home) making his way up a glen through which a river flows down from the great mountains of the Mamore Forest. Why he left the good road and ventured among the hills with

his back to home, and within two or three hours of dark, I cannot say. It may be, however, that he got puzzled, and fancied the road he took might lead home some other way, and he may have fancied he was going westward towards Ballachulish, when in reality he was going eastward towards the trackless wastes that lie between us and Perthshire. After this he was never seen again in life.

"Evening came and I had returned home. As dinner time approached, we wondered why he had not returned, and though, knowing that he knew the road so well, we were not really anxious, we sent two men with a lantern along the road by which he would naturally have been returning. Several hours passed, and they did not come back. So fearing that he had got lost in the dark, I got a carriage and pair of horses from the inn, and with the gardener set off to search along the road. At last we met the two men, who had been all the way to the head of the loch. They could give us no definite information (not even as much as I afterwards learnt, and have told you at the beginning of this letter). All they had found out was that he had been seen about Kinloch in the middle of the day, and that no one had seen him on the homeward road. Real distress and perplexity now began. For supposing him to have left the regular road, there were *various* mountain paths by which he might have gone, and which of these many ways to follow who could tell? Besides (as I afterwards found by experience) a night search on the mountains is a sadly useless thing. So that Thursday night (*sic*) we returned to Alltshellach in perplexity, at about 4 a.m.

"On Friday, as soon as possible, we organized three search parties. One crossed over the loch to search all the way up to the head, on its south shore, by which he might possibly have attempted to return. Another party searched the hills on the

north side, while I, with the rest of the searchers, went up to Kinloch itself. At the end of the day we had made no discovery, and the other two parties had been equally unsuccessful. So as a last hope, we planned two night searches, though now people only talked about finding 'the body'! One of these parties took a way up through the hills to a distant keeper's lodge, and, as it turned out afterwards, they must have passed near the place where our dear friend was lying—the darkness hid him, and the noise of the storm would have drowned the bark of the dogs if they barked at all. (But there they were all the time, no doubt, faithful creatures, keeping their watch, as we afterwards found them.) Meanwhile the expedition that went with me explored a more likely way (as we thought) 'the Devil's Staircase,' a pass between the Kinloch hills and Glencoe. I shall never forget that awful night's work. It was pitch dark, except for the light of our lamps, which sometimes got blown out through the force of the wind, and we stumbled on for hours over rocks and ice, and sometimes through deep snow. Meanwhile the howling tempest and the driving hail were almost overpowering. It seemed like some other terrible world that we had got into. If thus it was to me, one of a large party, provided with lanterns, what must the previous night have been to the dear solitary wanderer in the midst of *total* darkness, and with as bad or worse a tempest to struggle against?

"At last we returned to a shooting lodge at Kinloch, after having met with a third party who had made their way through the hills from the Glencoe side of the Devil's Staircase.

"Next morning (Saturday) I set off again, this time with quite a crowd of men and dogs who had come in from various quarters. We followed the same track up into the 'Forest' of Mamore, that

had been followed by the party of the night before, who did not go with me to the Devil's Staircase. As the afternoon came on, we began to think that this search was to prove as vain as the rest had been. But at last some of the foremost raised a cry that 'the dogs' (our dogs) were seen in the distance. We followed on, till we were in sight of them, and then some one said to me, 'No doubt we shall find *it* there.' The word 'it' was horrible to hear. True enough, when we got to the spot, there was the sad truth revealed. Between the deerhound and our little terrier, who seemed ready to fly at any one who came near, lay our dearly loved brother, cold and stiff, having evidently been long dead. His body seemed almost frozen, and his head was half buried in the snow wreath which had formed his last pillow. But on his face there was his own most pleasant and holy look of peace and joy, and not a trace of suffering, so far as his expression could show. But I fear there must have been a distressing struggle among the rocks, in the darkness and tempest, before he lay down (or fell) for the last time. For his right foot was bare and stained with blood, and both boot and stocking were gone. After I had knelt down to kiss and pray over him, we all stood up and said the last prayers. Then, after some difficulty, I dug away the frozen snow from his dear head, and several of the men who were with me formed a sort of bier of sticks, on which we began to carry him. This was a very difficult matter, as we had to pass through mountain torrents now much swollen, and over rocks and through deep snow. The men walked on each side supporting the sticks, and I walked behind supporting the head with my two hands. At last a better bier was formed of some wood that was found, and thus we went on to Kinloch, which we reached almost before dark.

"I must not forget that just at the moment we discovered the body, and while we were moving it, the clouds in the west, over the Glencoe mountains, divided, and such a glorious evening light came out over the whole landscape, that I can hardly think the circumstance was a mere accident.

"At Kinloch, where the carriage-road begins, I got the precious burden placed in the carriage I had brought from Ballachulish, and with it we drove home through the dark night to Alltshellach. We at once moved him into the chapel just as he was, and I washed his feet and hands and face, and with assistance of two women who have this office in the place, laid him out for his long sleep. I also vested him, as I thought he would wish, in the black cassock I wore at Jerusalem, amice, alb with lace, girdle, maniple, stole (a very beautiful one that had been given me by some friends of his, made like the one of St. Thomas of Canterbury), and the white stuff chasuble from St. Bride's. Thus he now lies in the chapel which is, of course, lighted with candles. On his breast is a large crucifix which I found on him, and which I think he always wore, and he has also his 'Priest's Prayer-book' saturated with wet, that I found in his pocket, and S.S.C. cross, his C.B.S. medal and also another. It was sad on Thursday night to see the bright fire in his bedroom, and the comfortable bed prepared for his return, with the fear that he was out (we knew not where) in the storm and darkness, though then we hoped that though unable to return, he had found shelter somewhere. But now it is still more sad to see the same room all dismantled and his little treasures, including his well-worn Office-book (you know that thick one) all put aside in drawers. The place in the forest where he fell asleep must, of course, be marked by a memorial. . . . Please realize that a 'forest' here does not mean anything to do with trees, but a

stretch of barren mountains and moorlands devoted to deer.

"I have tried my best to tell you all I can remember about the sad events of these last three days. But I have written in a hurry. . . .

"I celebrated the Holy Eucharist this morning in the presence of the dear form, and I thought it right to uncover his face. I used the Epistle, Gospel, and Offertory from the Missal you and the C.B.S. gave me. 'If this tabernacle be dissolved,' etc., 'Other men laboured and ye have entered into their labours.' How true this last of him! . . .

"Ever your affectionate and sad-hearted brother,

"A. C.-H.

". . . Those two dear dogs should be remembered, the little skye terrier, and the great deer hound. He was *so* fond of them and they of him. They appear again and again in his journal and correspondence."

At the time when the account of Mr. Mackonochie's romantically tragic end first appeared, all minds were naturally engrossed with the thought of the passing of him who was thus taken, by a mystery of the Divine Will, from our midst, but here it is fitting to call attention to the splendid devotion of the faithful friend who did little less than risk his own life in the search for the beloved wanderer, a search which (be it observed) was carried on for the space of two days and two nights in the midst of raging storm and tempest, without relaxation or repose. Truly if Mr. Mackonochie merited the unstinted devotion of a friend, he certainly found it.

Reference has already been made, in the

chapter on the Bishop's Religious Opinions, to his change of attitude with regard to the status of the Minister of Baptism. In his Charge of 1886 he gave an indication of the direction which his mind was taking on this subject, but in 1888 he declared his matured convictions plainly, and announced the course he should feel obliged in future to take—henceforth he could receive no one as a candidate for Confirmation who had not been (at least conditionally) baptized by a lawfully ordained Minister. This announcement brought upon him a flood of remonstrances and protests, friendly and unfriendly. Having once with prayer and deliberation taken his line, he was immovable. The feeling which had been excited found vent at length in a long-continued controversial correspondence in the Church newspapers, which caused the Bishop the keenest distress. In controversy, he was thoroughly out of his element. To begin with, controversy of any kind was distasteful to him, his gracious nature always inclined him to agree with others rather than to differ from them; and then, he was destitute of all the qualities, moral or mental, good or evil, which characterize the able controversialist. His intellectual slowness was partly, at least, the cause of this. When driven into controversy, he defended his own position at too great length, and replied to his opponents with over-minute attention to detail; he was not quick to see what was not worth defending or refuting. And then his kind and courteous nature would not allow him to make those keen thrusts (which so

often trench on the personal) which professional controversialists think they find useful in their contendings.

The Bishop had a real indifference as to what was said of him by strangers or avowed enemies (if indeed he had any), but when friends, those to whom he had shown attention and regard, attacked him with hard words and unfriendly suggestions, it cut him to the heart. And such attacks he had to bear from letters printed in the correspondence which went on in the Church press, on the subject of his line of action as to the Minister of Baptism. "Mine own familiar friend whom I trusted!" was his exclamation after reading the cutting remarks contained in a letter of this kind. But he was never bitter about it, only unspeakably hurt. He felt, however, that in the newspaper correspondence the controversy, on the whole, went against him, and his distress was great, not from wounded vanity at a defeat of this kind, but because of his sense of inability ably to defend a cause he had at heart. And the worst of it was, that among those whose assistance and co-operation he sought, some were unable to help him, just because they conscientiously considered that the line he had taken was a mistake. The Bishop was too just and generous to resent conscientious abstinence from helping him on the part of friends who refrained from attacking him; but he felt keenly the disadvantage in which he appeared. It was a relief to every one when the correspondence ceased. As a matter of fact, the Bishop's requirement

as to the Minister of Baptism did not check the progress of the Church in the Diocese, and where it was enforced with gentleness and prudence few serious difficulties arose. It may be questioned whether this would have been the case in a larger diocese than that of Argyll and the Isles, under a Bishop whose personality was less attractive than that of Bishop Chinnery-Haldane.

The Bishop himself never wavered in his conviction that he had taken the right line; his matured feeling on the subject may be gathered from the following excerpt from a letter to Canon Meredith written in 1892:—

"Of course the question of Lay Baptism must be considered on its own merits, and apart from any consequences it may seem to involve. I am more and more persuaded that the rule we follow in this Diocese is the more excellent way. The conclusion of the fifth year during which I have required conditional Baptism in the case of *all* converts whom I have confirmed, shows more than *double* the number of candidates presented during either of the two years *before* the new rule came into force.

"I do not remember having lost *one* candidate through my action in this matter, and on the contrary, I have had many interesting cases. One Presbyterian shopkeeper objected to be confirmed because I would not relax the rule in his case. But he soon gave way, and not only so, but together with his wife, he of his own accord brought all his own children for conditional

Baptism. I had another case of a solicitor who turned away on the same ground. But in about a year he came back and was conditionally baptized along with the acting editor of the local newspaper.

"But still, as I have said before, the question is one that must be faced on its own merits."

The Bishop had proceeded to the degree of LL.M. in 1884; in 1888 his university offered him the degree of D.D. *jure dignitatis*. The Public Orator in presenting the Bishop for the reception of this honour referred to him in a very graceful speech as the representative of the long line of Bishops of Lismore, and reminded his hearers that the Bishop's diocese included St. Columba's Isle of Iona, and the pass of Glencoe, "once infamous as the scene of cruel slaughter, but where now the Mysteries of the gentlest of religions are celebrated, in the presence of reverent throngs, in their own tongue." He also referred very happily to the pathetic passing of Mr. Mackonochie. "From his [the Bishop's] house too, you will remember, as his guest, that English priest went forth, who last winter found, amid the calm snow-drifts of a secluded glade, rest for his weariness in death, after a life of heroic endurance. On that fatal day, indeed, the relics of that faithful man were searched for in vain all night by the faithful Bishop, but were loyally guarded by the loyal guardianship of dogs till their master himself appeared."

CHAPTER X

EPISCOPATE—*continued*

Revision of Scotch Office—Iona—Rome and Anglican Orders—Liturgical Work

THOUGH he had no claim to be considered an expert liturgist, things liturgical always possessed a strong attraction for the Bishop. In 1889 a liturgical matter arose (it ended very unhappily) which engaged his most intense interest.

To make things clear to the ordinary reader some explanations are necessary. All liturgical writers agree that the alterations made in 1552 in the Communion Service or "Mass" of the Prayer-book of 1549 were most unfortunate. These ill-judged alterations, in their main characteristics, are still found in the Communion Service in the existing Prayer-book. The defects caused by these alterations chiefly concern (not the validity, but) the structure and arrangement of the Prayer of Consecration. Though all liturgical writers have been unanimous in acknowledging and deploring these defects, they have never been remedied in England; but when, in 1637, a Prayer-book was prepared for the restored Church of Scotland, the Prayer of Consecration was, in some of the more important respects, brought back to the model of

1549. This Prayer-book was never extensively used.

In 1688–9 the Church of Scotland was disestablished because of the adherence of its Bishops to the Stuart (Jacobite) cause, and its clergy were subjected to humiliating disabilities of many kinds. The Bishops of the disestablished Church soon began to endeavour to bring in the use of a Communion Service superior to that in the current English Prayer-book. The Service in the book of 1637 was printed separately, and authorized for use. Editions of that Service, with divers alterations, began to appear. At length a change of considerable importance was ventured on.

A difference in the arrangement of the Prayer of Consecration has existed always (so far as is known) between the Latin Liturgy of the Roman Church, and all the Liturgies of the East. In the Roman Canon of Consecration explicit prayer for the sanctification of the Bread and Wine comes *before* our Lord's consecratory words are said. In other Liturgies our Lord's words come first, and a prayer for the sanctification of the Sacrament by the Holy Ghost (called the Invocation or Epiklesis) comes afterwards.[1]

In the Prayer-book of 1549, and in that of 1637, the Roman order was followed. But the Scottish Bishops considered the example of the Eastern Churches to be of greater weight, and editions of the Communion Service appeared in which the Eastern order was followed; the Words

[1] This order is preserved under Roman sanction in the Liturgy of those Greeks who have accepted the authority of the Pope of Rome.

of Consecration came first, the Epiklesis came after. In 1764 an edition of this kind (mainly the work of two of the Bishops) was put forth, and obtained such favour that it almost wholly superseded all previous editions. This form of the Liturgy is usually termed for shortness "The Scotch Office." In 1811 a Canon in general terms approved of the Scotch Office as the normal Communion Service of the Church, but permitting the use of the Service in the English Prayer-book under specified conditions.

In 1862–3 a movement was made to remove by parliamentary legislation the remaining disabilities under which clergymen of Scottish Ordination still lay. It was stated by persons of influence in England that one hindrance to the desired removal was the use by the Scottish Church of a special Communion Office differing from that used in the Church of England. To obviate this objection a Canon was passed reversing the relative position of the two Offices; the Communion Service in the Prayer-book was henceforth to be the normal use, the Scotch Office was exceptionally tolerated under such restrictions that it was expected its use would soon cease altogether. The special disabilities affecting Scottish clergymen were eventually removed by Parliament.

At the very time when canonical humiliation was inflicted on the Scotch Office (which is admittedly a finer work of liturgical art than the English) it was felt by many earnest Churchmen that the course taken was an unworthy expedient, needlessly resorted to to gain an end which it was

quite certain would have been gained sooner or later. As years went on this conviction gained in strength, and there was an increasing feeling that something should be done to remedy, at least partially, this miserable mistake which had been made. A Provincial Synod (the supreme legislative authority in the Scottish Church) was to be held in 1890, and the Bishops desired to give effect to the wide-spread desire for improvement in the canonical status of the Scotch Office. But when they faced the matter, they were at once met by this difficulty,—there is no authorized version of the text of the Scotch Office ; nothing corresponding to the Sealed Copy of the English Prayer-book. The text had been left to the mercy of printers and private editors ; true these irresponsible persons had made no startling innovations on the *textus receptus*, but variations existed, and it was obviously desirable, before greater authority was given to the Office, that its authentic text should be put beyond doubt.

So the Bishops resolved to undertake the work of a careful revision of the text of the Scotch Office, and here a grave tactical mistake was made, of which more presently. Into this work of revision the Bishop of Argyll entered heart and soul, and gave it his most studious attention ; nothing connected with the work was too minute to be overlooked by him ; he literally weighed the effect of every comma, and capital letter, and had no hesitation in pressing upon his brethren every point that he considered important, till, usually, his suave persistence prevailed.

While the whole Office was subjected to a

minute and careful revision, special attention was paid to the wording of the Invocation; against the traditional form given to this in the *textus receptus* of the Scotch Office it had been urged by men of weight and learning that it did not in reality accurately represent the Oriental Epiklesis to which it was professed that it was equivalent. It was said, that in the Oriental Epiklesis the descent of the Holy Spirit is invoked *on the faithful* as well as on the Oblation, and that therein it is prayed not only that the Gifts may indeed become by the virtue of the Holy Ghost the Body and Blood of Christ, but that the Sacrament may be hallowed for the benefit of recipients. These features, it was asserted, are wanting in the Scottish Invocation; it was also urged that the word "become" as used therein does not exactly correspond to any term used in the ancient Liturgies. The Bishops admitted the force of these objections, and revised the Invocation so as to obviate them. How far these criticisms were justified, and how far the amendments made by the Bishops met them successfully, the reader will be able to judge if he will compare together the Epiklesis from a typical Oriental Liturgy, and the Invocation as it stands in the *textus receptus* of the Scotch Office, with the revision proposed by the Bishops, as given below:—

Epiklesis from the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom.

WE beseech, pray, and supplicate Thee to send down Thy Holy Spirit upon us, and upon these Gifts here set forth, and make this Bread the precious Body of Thy Christ, and that which is within this Chalice the precious Blood of Thy Christ,

changing them by Thy Holy Spirit; so that they may profit those who partake of them, to sobriety of soul, to remission of sins, to fellowship of the Holy Ghost, to the fulfilment of the kingdom of heaven, to confidence towards Thee, and not to judgment nor condemnation.

The Invocation in the textus receptus *of the Scotch Office.*

AND we most humbly beseech Thee, O merciful Father, to hear us, and of Thy almighty goodness vouchsafe to bless and sanctify with Thy Word and Holy Spirit these Thy gifts and creatures of Bread and Wine, that they may become the Body and Blood of Thy most dearly-beloved Son.

The Invocation as revised by the Bishops.

AND we most humbly beseech Thee, O merciful Father, to hear us, and of Thy almighty goodness vouchsafe to bless and sanctify with Thy Holy Spirit, this Bread and this Cup, that they may be the Body and Blood of Thy most dearly-beloved Son, so that whosoever shall partake of the same, being filled with Thy grace and heavenly benediction, may be sanctified both in soul and body, and preserved unto everlasting life.

The Bishops thought, not unreasonably, that the revision which they enterprised had best be carried out in the first instance by themselves, among themselves, and then submitted to the Church for criticism and ultimate acceptance. So they met in private conclave and effected their revision. But here came in the mistake to which reference has been made. The average British mind is apt to see a plot or a conspiracy in everything not done in the middle of the street. The Bishops failed to reckon with this not very intelligent tendency. While the revision was in progress the Bishop of Argyll was warned by a friend that probably when the work was made public

it would excite a commotion in the Church such as had not been seen since the Cheyne and Forbes controversies thirty years before; the Bishop communicated the warning to the Primus (Jermyn) who pooh-poohed it; every one would be delighted with the revision when once they saw it. So the revision was completed, and a draft of it was sent to the clergy accompanied by a circular (dated August 2, 1889) asking for their opinions. Immediately the storm burst. The revision was denounced as an insidious attempt, concocted in secret, to water down the doctrine of the Scotch Office in the interests of Protestant misbelief. The malcontents were mostly men of standing in the Church, but they were few in number, and did not represent the more learned section of the clergy; they were, however, persistent in opposition, and strong in language.

The Bishops tried to weather the storm; an improved revision was put forth, and this second draft was sent to the Synods to be discussed. In his own Synod (August 22) the Bishop of Argyll delivered a carefully written Charge, earnestly advocating and commending the episcopal revision. The net result of the reception of the revision by the Synods was only dubiously favourable to it, if even that, and the opposition to it did not decrease in bitterness, so the Bishops, greatly to their honour, rather than let the service for celebrating the Sacrifice of Peace become a source of strife and contention, withdrew the consideration of the status of the Scotch Office from among the matters to be dealt with by the Provincial Synod;

the former Canon which regulated the matter was provisionally re-enacted, and there things still remain. But the whole question is sure to be re-opened some day, perhaps before very long. At the time, the Bishop was much disappointed at the failure of the revision to secure acceptance, and at the consequent abandonment of any attempt to improve the status of the Scotch Office; even more was he saddened at the temper excited by the opposition to the scheme; yet in after years he said that he had come to the conclusion that it was better, perhaps, that the settlement of the whole question had been deferred.

As might be expected, the many charms which adorn the sacred Island of Iona, situated as it is in his Diocese, appealed most strongly to the Bishop's piety and imagination. The natural attractions of the Island are not insignificant; its romantic situation in the great Atlantic Ocean, the verdant beauty of the green sward which covers it, the fresh sweetness of its air, all these the Bishop could appreciate; but more than all, the Island spoke to his heart as the home of St. Columba (one of the few Saints of ancient days of whom we have a real biography, and not a mere romance); from this place, once the home of continual prayer, the light of the Gospel had shined forth over so large a part of Scotland. With Adamnan's "Life of St. Columba" in his hand, the Bishop traversed the island, identifying as far as he could the localities connected with the Saint's memory; but it was grievous to him beyond words that in the whole Island there was

no place in which, as a Bishop of the Church, he had a right to gather together any of the faithful who might be there, for prayer and sacrifice. This regret sank deep into his soul. At length (about 1893), greatly owing to the good offices of the Duchess Amelia (herself a fervent Churchwoman), the Bishop obtained from the Duke of Argyll, as over-lord, the grant of a feu[1] on which to build a house for prayer and religious retirement. No sooner did this become known than it gave rise to an extraordinary exhibition of sectarian animosity. The minister of the Established Presbyterian Church in Iona actually presented a petition to the Duke, purporting to be signed by all the inhabitants of the Island, praying him to rescind his grant, on the ground that the erection of the Bishop's house would outrage the religious feelings of the people; the petition further asserted that were it attempted to commence the building not a man in the place would raise a finger to help in the evil work. The Duke replied in somewhat caustic tone. Of course the revocation of the grant of the feu was out of the question, but he reminded the petitioners that as the Presbyterians in Iona were divided into two parties, the Established and the Free, each of which had its separate place of worship, they were witnesses against themselves that all men could not be always expected to be able to worship together. Why, then, should they wish to hinder other people enjoying the same liberty

[1] A "feu" in Scotland answers, roughly, to a piece of ground granted on perpetual lease in England.

which they enjoyed themselves, and to prevent them having a chapel where they could worship God in their own way? He further remarked that it was curious that the number of petitioners *exceeded* the number of the population of the Island.

Those who have had any experience in obtaining signatures to petitions know how easily half-taught simple people will sign anything they are asked to sign, without really grasping the meaning of the document. Something of this kind probably happened in Iona. When the Duke's answer became public, the petitioning signatories felt they had been led on to the ice, and they were indignant with the man who had drawn them into a foolish position. When the building of the Bishop's House (or, House of Retreat, as it was ultimately named) was commenced, the islanders gladly gave all the assistance in their power to the work, and have always manifested the greatest civility and cordiality to those who, from time to time, have occupied the house. Possibly the parish minister took up his belligerent attitude under a misapprehension, and did not wait before acting to see whether his fears were likely to be realized. He may have thought that the building of the house indicated the commencement of a proselytising campaign which would disturb the peace of the Island. But he need have had no fears on this score, the Bishop knew the people well enough to be aware that any such attempt would produce no valuable result; his sole wish in procuring the building of the house was to secure a *pied à terre* for the Church

in the Holy Island. It is worth mentioning that the Bishop's gracious courtesy made a firm friend of the Free Church minister; this reciprocal good feeling lasted to the end of the Bishop's life. The house was finished in 1894, and was unostentatiously dedicated in June of that year.

The house which that munificent aid which never failed him enabled the Bishop to build is of somewhat original plan, and deserves a short description. The whole structure is of granite and it stands on the shore, midway between the usual landing-place of passengers, at the Martyrs' Bay, and what remains of the cathedral. In the centre is a gabled chapel, of severe simplicity, yet dignified and devotional in character. It has the usual Catholic fittings. There is no east window, but outside in the east wall is a niche holding a statue of St. Columba in the act of blessing, facing the sea. Flanking this chapel on the ground floor, to the right are a common room, and a refectory; to the left are the kitchen and offices; communication between these two wings is obtained by a passage in front of the chapel from which it is screened off. Above, the chapel is flanked by a series of cell-like bedrooms, six on either side; communicaton between the two sets is through the gallery which runs across the west end of the chapel. A severe simplicity characterizes the whole building; but it is well-arranged, compact, and eminently suited to the purposes which the Bishop hoped it would serve.

Those purposes were quite clearly before the Bishop's mind from the first, he meant the house

to be a House of Prayer and Eucharist, of study and meditation; but how he was to secure that it should be used for these purposes he did not in the least foresee. He trusted entirely to the leading of Divine Providence in the matter. His first wish was to place the house in the official custody of the Church in Scotland, but there were hindrances which prevented that being done.

The Bishop had always given a warm welcome in his Diocese, to the Fathers of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, whose mother house is at Cowley, near Oxford. The idea occurred (or was suggested) to him that the Cowley Fathers might be ready to take over the house, and to engage to maintain it, for the purposes for which it was intended. On the matter being brought before them, the Fathers cordially accepted the suggestion. Accordingly, on St. Columba's day, June 9, 1897, the thirteenth centenary of the passing of the Saint, in a simple but impressive service in the chapel, the House of Retreat was made over to the Cowley Fathers, who undertook *under carefully specified conditions* to maintain the house, and to use it for the purposes for which it was founded.

On January 16, 1895, the Bishop officiated at the marriage of his second son, Mr. Patrick Vernon Chinnery-Haldane, to Miss Rebecca (Rébé) Monteith, in St. John's Church, Oban.

In the autumn of the year 1896, there appeared the Apostolic Letter of Leo XIII., *Apostolicæ curæ*, which renewed the traditionary repudiation of the validity of Anglican Orders on the part of the Roman Church. This letter was the outcome of

much that had preceded it, and these preliminaries have been so persistently misinterpreted through ignorance or malice, or both, that it will be well to put them in their true light.

It was quite recently stated in a public address that the English Archbishops formally approached Leo XIII. to obtain a recognition of their Orders, and that he contemptuously repulsed them; it has also been asserted, in the same public manner, that certain of the leading men among the "ritualists" (so called) applied to the Pope for a recognition of Anglican Orders, and that his answer was this Apostolic Letter repudiating them. Both these ways of representing what led to the promulgation of the Apostolic Letter are in plain language simply mendacious.

What really happened was this. Roman controversialists in England have found that to succeed in throwing doubt on the validity of Anglican Orders is one of the most potent means at their disposal for shaking the allegiance of Anglicans to their Church. But in the course of some three centuries the controversy about Anglican Orders has somewhat shifted its ground on both sides. It was felt on the Roman side that their controversial weapons needed bringing up to date, and so a movement was made for obtaining a new examination of the question by Rome. The real object of this move was obvious. It was merely wished by the Roman authorities in England to obtain a new and more emphatic condemnation of the validity of Anglican Orders by the supreme authority of the Pope; nothing was less desired

than any recognition of them. But when the matter began to be bruited abroad, certain French theologians interested themselves in the matter, and it is possible that some of them would have welcomed sincerely a modification, or perhaps even a reversal, of the tradition of repudiation. But French patronage was no assistance at Rome to the Anglican cause; the French are not, and never have been, regarded with favourable eye in the Curia.

When the papal Commission of Inquiry was called into existence, certain Anglicans, acting on their own personal initiative, thought it would be as well to obtain permission to bring their own statement of their own case before it. They sought this permission and obtained it.

In correspondence with those who favoured and who assisted in this informal representation of the Anglican cause in Rome, the Bishop of Argyll strongly deprecated any such course. He did not see how any favourable or helpful result could possibly be expected from it. Rome is a Church whose counsels are always ruled by far-sighted diplomacy rather than by anything else. The repudiation of the validity of Anglican Orders is one of the most effective of the weapons her agents in this country are able to wield. Was it credible that the Papal Curia would deprive them of this invaluable weapon? The pleasant and hopeful things which the delighted Anglican emissaries reported as having been said by Cardinal this, Dom that, or the Bishop of the other, the Bishop regarded merely as polite snares, meaning nothing more than

that the speakers wished to be civil. He was convinced that the Anglican pleaders were riding to a fall; that they judged those on the other side by their own desire for justice and charity; and that Rome could afford to be neither just nor generous.

And the Bishop's anticipations proved to be well-founded. The Letter, when it appeared, was in substance only what he expected. It once more affirmed the invalidity of Anglican Orders, mainly, this time, on the ground that there was no intention on the part of those who originally compiled and used the Anglican Ordinal to confer the Catholic Priesthood, notwithstanding the express declaration officially prefixed to that Ordinal, that the intention of those who compiled the offices contained in it was to *continue* the Order of Priesthood existing at the time of the publication of the Ordinal; the uncandid omission in the Apostolic Letter of even the slightest reference to this crucial declaration is one of its most curious and discreditable features.

The English Archbishops replied to the Apostolic Letter in an Encyclical, *Sæpius officio*, addressed to all the Bishops of the Catholic Church, defending their position. And there the matter rests for the present.

Reference has been made to the Bishop's interest in things liturgical, and in the year 1900, there was brought to a happy result by him a piece of liturgical work which gave him the greatest gratification; this work was the compilation of a collection of Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, for days and occasions not so provided for in the Common Prayer-book. The compilation of this collection

was a work which took many years in the doing, owing to certain very characteristic qualities of the Bishop's mind which this kind of work brought into play. The compilation was to be undertaken by myself, and it was, of course, to be subjected to revision by the Bishop before he sanctioned it. I submitted to him a series of translations and adaptations of Latin Collects, ancient and modern, but with the result that he could sanction none of them! I must have perpetrated some few hundreds of translations of Collects in my time, and in my own judgment, have rarely been really successful in producing a prayer that had a satisfactory rhythmical flow. I did not then present my work to the Bishop under any illusion as to its freedom from defects. But *exactly what it was* that he felt to be intolerable I never made out; nor could he suggest how things might be bettered. His objections were not theological, nor literary; what, then, were they based on? I never discovered. The hours spent in conference with him over this work were some of the most painful I ever spent in my life. I had the miserable baffled feeling which comes from trying to enter into the mind of another, only to find one's self in a dense fog. I proposed abandoning the work altogether; but this pained him deeply, and in his courteous, humble way he apologized for not accepting my work, saying that the issue of this collection was something he had greatly at heart, and that he was sure I should eventually be able to help him to accomplish his desires with regard to it.

And so it proved to be. The Bishop came

upon a collection of Collects which, to meet a special difficulty, I had compiled strictly in the exact words of the Bible and Prayer-book; he thought them "delightful," and begged me to compile a similar series for his projected collection; this was done, and the work met his entire approbation, although to myself it did not appear worthy of the warm approval which it received. The collection was completed and published, with a formal authorization of it for use in the Diocese, in 1900, by Messrs. Mowbray, of Oxford, in handsome form for Altar use. Frequently, in subsequent years, the Bishop in writing to me would mention that, that morning he had used at the Altar "your delightful Missal."

In addition to the Altar edition of supplementary Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, the Bishop had the Collects from that collection reprinted in smaller form, together with lists of Proper Psalms and Lessons for certain occasions. This was also authorized for diocesan use.

Besides these liturgical works, the Bishop (before his elevation to the episcopate) published "The Scottish Communicant," a manual of Eucharistic devotions accommodated to the Scotch Office; this little book went through many editions (the last, the seventh, is dated 1901); as each successive edition appeared, every word, and comma, and capital letter in the book was reconsidered again and again, and revised with anxious care. The manual was a great favourite with simple people, for whom indeed it was mainly intended.

The Bishop also printed some little books of

catechism and instruction for use in schools and classes.

The last work to which he put his hand was an exhaustive and minute revision of "A Brief Directory of Elementary Ceremonial," a new edition of which appeared in 1905; although not actually penned by him, the book expresses his matured judgment on the matters dealt with in it.

On April 23, 1902, the Bishop officiated at the marriage of his eldest son, Mr. James Brodrick Chinnery-Haldane, to Miss Katherine Annie Napier, in St. Stephen's Church, South Kensington.

CHAPTER XI

FOREIGN TRAVEL

A MEMOIR of Bishop Chinnery-Haldane which did not include mention, and prominent mention, of his fondness for foreign travel, and (during a long period of his life) his frequent visits abroad, would indeed omit a notable characteristic of his life, especially when the very marked effect which those visits had on his opinions and practice is considered. The taste for foreign travel showed itself in early youth, and for many years an annual tour on the Continent was a part of the Bishop's course of life.

Those who have taken the trouble to read with attention what has been related of the Bishop's character will hardly need to be told that he was not a tourist of the conventional globe-trotter kind. He used to set out with the definite design of visiting some place or places of interest; he would prepare for his visit by carefully informing himself of whatever was worth seeing there, and would go provided with all the best attainable guide-books, maps, and similar works of reference. Every place visited was studied with intelligent care. He returned from his tours with an ample store of photographs of all the more interesting buildings, pictures, and other works of art which he had

seen, and these he had systematically arranged in albums. As a rule, he did not care to buy and bring home the odds and ends of curiosities and local souvenirs with which some tourists take pleasure in loading themselves; but from the Holy Land he did bring back a large selection of memorials from the sacred sites.

It has been said that a Scotchman is naturally much more of a citizen of the world than an Englishman; and observation of the way in which men of the two nationalities comport themselves during residence or travelling in foreign parts would tend to confirm the truth of this remark. An Englishman too generally goes abroad firmly convinced of the superiority of everything English, and only prepared to notice those things in which foreigners fail to come up to the standard of English excellence. That there are other things to be observed, in which foreigners excel the English, never enters his head as even possible. Not so the Scotchman; he nourishes in his heart, no doubt, a secret conviction that there is no place like Scotland, and no people like the Scotch, but he goes to foreign countries ready to take things as he finds them, and intelligently and frankly to observe and acknowledge all that is best and superior in them. The characteristic of the wise man mentioned by Ecclesiasticus, "He will travel through strange countries; for he hath tried the good and the evil among men," is eminently true of the Scotchman. Surprise is often expressed at the fact that so often in a foreign land a Scotchman rather than an Englishman is found at the

head of affairs; but no surprise need be felt. An Englishman soon gets at loggerheads with those of other nationalities (not only because of his determination to assert the superiority of his own way of looking at and dealing with everything, but also) because of his inability to take hold of the strong points of men of other nations, and to deal with them. A Scotchman, on the contrary, works his way into confidence and influence because (as Ecclesiasticus puts it) he has "tried the good" among the men he has to deal with, and knows how to utilize it.

The Bishop in his travels was a typical Scotchman. No man could have a more intense attachment to the native country of his family than he; his attachment to Scotland was almost romantic; but he was ever keen to note in foreign lands those things from which something could be learned, those things in which our neighbours are better than ourselves. Of course his observation was chiefly directed to the things that concern religion, and as to this he became convinced, as all candid observers must be convinced, that external religion, as expressed in "assembling together" for the worship of God, has a far greater hold on the affections of the common people in those countries in which the national religion is Catholic (even though papalized) than in foreign Protestant lands, or in England, where, as Dr. Neale puts it—

"England's Church is Catholic, if England's self be not."

To ascribe what is outwardly excellent and admirable to some unworthy inward motive is a

miserable moral meanness of which the Bishop was incapable. He could never have taken his place among the shallow and narrow who at once exclaim, "Superstition!" when they come across a phase of religion which they do not understand, and think that this settles the matter; no, he "tried the good," and to his mind the secret of the good which he noted in continental religion was this—the worship of Jesus Christ must always have a great attractive power to those who believe in Him; the practice of what we may conveniently call "continental Churches" with regard to the Sacrament of the Altar offers to the people opportunities of worshipping Christ, and of coming to the Father by Him, in a way which is supremely attractive to devotion, and which is concrete and definite to the understanding.

The Bishop looked through the tangle of theological subtilties with which divines have surrounded the doctrine of the Eucharist, and through the crudities of popular expressions of devotion, and saw truly and clearly that fundamentally and substantially adoration of the Host is neither more nor less than adoration of Jesus Christ under a consecrated Symbol (which yet is more than a mere Symbol), and that devout assistance at the Mass means coming to the Father through Christ as the Propitiation for sin. In the attraction which the Mass and Benediction have for the minds of pious Christians in Catholic countries, the Bishop saw a manifestation of the attractive power of Him Who said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

The cultus of our Lady and the Saints, as the Bishop saw it on the Continent, did not appeal to him, and it did not seem to him that it is in practices connected with this that the great attractive power which draws the common people to their churches is to be looked for. More and more did his observations during his visits abroad convince the Bishop that with regard to the Sacrament of the Altar continental churches are *in practice* more in the right than those of the Anglican Communion; and there is no doubt that this conviction powerfully influenced both his teaching and his own practice. He was too real, too cautious, and too considerate a man to try to press or to force on priest or people an *ethos* with respect to the Sacrament of the Altar for which they were unprepared, and which they might be in danger of taking up merely as a fashion, and not "in spirit and in truth." But, to his own mind, what is ordinarily, though clumsily, called "continental" practice with regard to the Mass was so far ideal that in it he saw nothing with which he could find serious fault; he would fain have seen Christians at home, like their brethren abroad, haunting their churches daily, and crowding them on feasts, in order to worship their Saviour and to seek His propitiatory intercession through the medium of those Holy Mysteries which He Himself has "instituted and ordained." But the Bishop was too diffident of his own powers to expect that he could revolutionize the religious habits of three hundred years, he was made of finer moral material than that which goes to compose

the revolutionist or the reformer, and so he did not venture to do more towards the realization of his ideal than to sow seed which hereafter might bear good fruit, by the example of his personal practice, and by the clear, but moderately expressed enunciation of Catholic doctrine on the subject of the Sacrament of the Altar.

In his personal practice at the Altar the Bishop avowedly followed "continental" example in all those details which concern what is popularly, but inaccurately, termed "ritual." He considered that the "ritual of the Altar" as seen on "the Continent" demonstrates what the uninterrupted experience and practice of hundreds and hundreds of years has developed as most conducive to edification, and most practically convenient; he thought it more reasonable that we should take advantage of the pattern thus provided than that we should evolve out of uncertain and incomplete relics of the past a pseudo-antiquarian use, especially as the neglect and slovenliness of the last three hundred years has ill-prepared us for the work of original ceremonial development.

His observations during his tours in Russia, and the East in general, filled the Bishop with respect and admiration for the popular devotion there exhibited. The discipline of Oriental Churches does not permit of the celebration of the Mass with the frequency that is habitual among Latins. Though the worship of Christ, and recourse to His mediation through the Mass, must in consequence necessarily be more restricted among Easterns than among Westerns, yet the Bishop thought that

devotion to our Blessed Lord was even more marked among Orientals than among Latins. He used to say that devotion to our Lord among Latins seems to be so identified with what one may call ecclesiastical artificialities and conventions; an incident in the Passion is (to the Latin) "one of the Stations of the Cross," an event in Gospel history is a joyful, dolorous, or glorious "Mystery of the Holy Rosary," trust in Christ as Lover of men is "devotion to the Sacred Heart," and so on; whereas to the Eastern, devotion to the Saviour is more simple, direct, and unartificial. Others beside the Bishop have noticed the effect of this difference in religious tone in the conduct of pilgrims in the Holy Land. To the Russian pilgrim every spot sanctified by association with the Saviour is adorable for that reason alone; to the Latin pilgrim (not always, but too often) the interest taken in a holy place will greatly depend on whether prayer there has been "indulgenced" or not.

The public devotion shown by Moslems in Mahometan lands greatly impressed the Bishop; but here, of course, the predominant feeling excited was that of shame and regret that in outward (and evidently most sincere) religiousness, followers of a vile creed should so far exceed those who profess the Faith of Christ.

There were other matters, beside those connected with the Mass, as to which the Bishop thought we might learn something worth learning from our continental neighbours. For instance, he saw many admirable features in the much-abused "continental Sunday." A Sunday in a

Catholic city—the crowded churches in the morning; the happy groups of people of all classes listening to pleasant music in the public parks in the afternoon, or (in Germany) assembled in the beer gardens in the evening; the absence of drunken or rowdy disturbers of the peace; the easy cheerfulness, and gay companionship without rough or vulgar hilarity—all this appealed to him greatly, and in comparison with it he felt that the normal "Scottish Sabbath," as seen in Edinburgh (for instance), leaves very much to be desired.

I have already mentioned that the Bishop's love of foreign travel was developed early. He was fond of relating an amusing adventure, or series of adventures, which befell him on the occasion of one of his early continental tours. When a young man he started with a friend on such an expedition, and they journeyed together as far as Switzerland. Here they parted; the friend returned home by a direct route, but young Haldane had another plan in his head. He had in his purse sufficient money to bring him straight home with ease, but he determined to make it supply him with the means for undertaking divers expeditions to see interesting places and things *en route*. Naturally this put a strain on his resources, and he had in consequence some unusual experiences. One thing in which he exercised economy was eating and drinking; he sometimes had not enough to eat, and learned by experience what it is to be hungry and to know that you have not enough money at command to buy sufficient food. One day he calculated that he could afford himself the treat

of dining at the *table d'hôte* in the hotel in which he was lodging, and all day he looked forward to this unwonted luxury. As he went through the streets of the town (I am uncertain where it was) he saw a crowd, and found that the attraction was the bleeding corpse of a poor workman who had fallen from a ladder, which in turn had fallen on him and crushed him to death. The sight was sickening and it haunted the sensitive lad, so that when he came to enjoy his coveted banquet he could not eat! He said that it did seem to him to be very hard that when he with difficulty had managed to afford the money for an ample meal he could not eat it. The Bishop used to say that his experience of the pains of hunger was most valuable to him in after life; it enabled him to enter into the feelings of the poverty-stricken and hungry with a keen sympathy that can only be felt for another by a man who has actually gone through the same misery himself.

The young adventurer had also, as funds diminished, to select the cheapest lodging he could find; this, once at least, brought him into a situation which might have cost him his life. In some French town (Paris or Lyons) he put up at some dreadful *loge à pied*, which offered accommodation at small cost. When he came to think over things in after life, he was sure the house must have been a place of the worst repute, possibly a haunt of thieves and burglars, for at night an iron shutter was let down over the entrance, and securely fastened inside, apparently to prevent the possibility of a surprise visit from

the police. However, young Haldane, under the protection of that kind Providence which watches over the innocent, passed a safe night and escaped in the morning from this strange den without harm or hurt.

In the course of his tours the Bishop visited France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, Bavaria (beside other German States), Austria, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Russia, Servia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece, the Holy Land, Egypt, Morocco, and Algeria. Some of these countries he visited again and again. He used to say that he had sojourned in every European capital except two, Christiania and Lisbon. As he lived habitually in the midst of the noblest natural scenery, he preferred to go for change and recreation abroad to towns and cities rather than in search of the grandeurs and beauties of Nature in other lands; these he took by the way, as they came, and keenly enjoyed them, but towns and cities, their contents and their inhabitants, engaged his chief interest and attention when on his tours. In his diary the Bishop kept a minutely careful record of all the places and interesting things that he visited and saw, but as it was his practice merely to note the fact that he had visited this place, and seen that picture or work of art, without adding much in the way of opinion or reflection, it would not be worth while to reproduce any of these entries; they are only similar (one must suppose) to the entries made in their diaries by hundreds of cultivated persons who have travelled.

The last of these continental tours, which had

such a profound effect on the Bishop's way of regarding many things, was made in 1898; it had Constantinople as its end (the Bishop had visited this city before, in 1872). On January 24 he started from London and journeyed to his destination by way of Calais, Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Coblenz, Mayence, Darmstadt, Nuremburg, Ratisbon, Passau, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Belgrade (in all of these places a longer or shorter stay was made), through Servia and Bulgaria to Constantinople, which was reached on February 12. Here the Bishop stayed some ten days, and during his sojourn had an interesting audience of the Orthodox Patriarch. The following excerpt from an account which he subsequently wrote of it may appropriately be given here :—

" Having expressed a desire for an audience, the Deacon Hierotheus came from the Patriarchate to see me, and to arrange the preliminaries. With the aid of Monsieur Gregory Ananiadi, a lay member of the Orthodox Church (whose kind help as interpreter on this occasion, and afterwards at the Patriarchate, was invaluable), the good deacon took the opportunity of this our first meeting for communicating to me his desire that something of a practical kind should now be done in the direction of a re-union—something which, as he expressed it, ' might open a door.' Could there not be published in London, he went on to say, a periodical which should invite, from both English and Greek writers, contributions in both languages, and of such a character as would make Anglicans and members of the Holy Orthodox Church understand

one another better than they do at present, and thus, through a mutual interchange of opinions, be drawn nearer together?

"On the day appointed for the audience, M. Ananiadi called for me with a carriage which he had provided, and, accompanied by Mr. Dowling, the chaplain of the Anglican Memorial Church in Constantinople, we drove to the Patriarchate. This is situated in the Phanar district of Stamboul, not very far from the ancient western wall of Constantinople, which, with its ruined towers, bounds the city between the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn. The Patriarch's residence, though prominent among the surrounding buildings, does not aspire to be palatial. Its distinction rests on far higher grounds than mere architectural beauty. Like many of the houses of Constantinople, both ancient and modern, it seems to be mainly built of wood, and its windows project from the walls. In front there stands a gateway, with a gate now never opened. For over it, as I was informed, a former Patriarch was hanged about eighty years ago, thus meeting his death, along with many other ecclesiastics, at the hands of the Turks.

"On entering the lower hall we found ourselves in the midst of a number of the Patriarch's household servants, who, however, from their dress might easily have been mistaken for Turkish soldiers or police. But we were received and conducted up the staircase by several of the clergy, among whom we recognized the Deacon Hierotheus. We were then led round into an ante-room hung round with a number of portraits of former occupants of the

throne of St. Chrysostom, among which we recognized the face of the aged Patriarch Anthimos, whose blessing I had the privilege of receiving nearly twenty-six years ago. He died in 1873, and was, I believe, as cordial towards the Anglican Church as is the present Patriarch.

"In a few moments we were shown into another apartment, of moderate dimensions, with windows looking out upon the Golden Horn, and with a copy of Raphael's 'Transfiguration' hanging upon the wall. Here we found ourselves in the august presence of his Holiness. He was dressed in his usual black flowing robes and head-covering, but without any visible cross or ornament. He received us standing, and after an interchange of greetings, according to the usage of the Eastern Church I was made to sit down beside him. This visit, I may mention in passing, was a much less formal one than my visit to the Patriarch Anthimos in 1872, when I was received as a Presbyter, and on a more public occasion involving more ceremony.

"Many of the words of his Holiness were, to begin with, general expressions of welcome and brotherly kindness. Afterwards he spoke of the Church as being like a tree with many branches, but only one Root. The Root, he said, was Christ. But the Pope of Rome (or the Papacy?) had brought in schism.

"In the course of our visit, during which we were regaled with sweetmeats, water, and little cups of Turkish coffee, his Holiness asked me about our Scottish Liturgy, a copy of which in Greek, the work of the late Bishop Forbes of Brechin, I

had asked him to accept. Turning over its pages, and reading some of it aloud, he expressed his pleasure, and said it was like what he himself used continually. But he asked what was its origin, and who was its author?—adding that the Liturgies of the Orthodox Church had for *their* authors St. Chrysostom and St. Basil. And then, after a little further consideration, he said—'I suppose your Liturgies are derived from those of the Catholics.' The word 'Catholic,' I must remind the reader, is, as a rule, used at Constantinople, as well as throughout Russia and the East, not in its theological sense, even by ecclesiastics.

"Our conversation lasted for something like an hour, and seemed as if it might have gone on longer, had not the Servian Minister arrived for an audience. So after a farewell as affectionate as our first greeting, the clergy who had left us alone with the Patriarch returned, and escorted us to the neighbouring Church of St. George, which we desired to see before leaving the Phanar. But first they took us into the Synod Chamber, which is within the Patriarchate itself. This is arranged, as one would have expected, with seats on each side and a sort of throne at the upper end for the Patriarch, with the Byzantine eagle above it. In addition to the usual conventional ikons, there were on the walls a number of engravings.

"In the Church of St. George, which has the appearance of a small basilica, with a sombre but rich iconostasis, we were shown, in addition to other objects of interest, 'the throne of St. Chrysostom,' which is occupied by the Patriarch when, as would

be said in the West, he assists pontifically. Recesses in the walls were also pointed out to us as the resting-places of certain saints, whose bodies are hidden from view only by the drapery thrown over them.

"Thus our visit came to an end, the clergy saluting me at our parting, on this as on other occasions, in the same way as they salute their own Bishops.

"The next day the Patriarch, having appointed an hour, returned my visit by deputy, sending as his representative the priest of St. George's, whom, through the kindness of Mr. Dowling, I was able to receive at his house, which stands in the grounds of the beautiful Crimean Memorial Church. He brought with him a photograph of the Patriarch as a present from his Holiness, and signed with his autograph. Before leaving, our visitor expressed his desire to see the church, with which he seemed much interested, noting especially its remarkable font, which is constructed so as to be available for baptisms by immersion even in the case of adults. On entering and on leaving the church he signed himself with the Cross, as also on approaching the altar, towards which he reverently bowed down to kiss the mensa. Then, with renewed expressions of mutual regard, we separated."

The return journey (which included a stay at Munich) was made by much the same route as the journey out. London was reached on March 7.

The itinerary of this tour may be taken as generally typical of the way in which the Bishop was accustomed to order his journeyings; it will

be seen that a full use was made of the time at command, without hurry and without attempting too much.

The Rev. Theodore E. Dowling, Canon Residentiary of St. George's Collegiate Church, Jerusalem (after mentioning his attendance on the Bishop as Chaplain on the occasion of his au dience of the Æcumenical and Armenian Patriarchs), writes as follows:—

"I need scarcely mention that the Bishop was one of the first contributors towards procuring holy vessels and vestments for the use of Anglican clergy in the Chapel of Abraham, at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, and his interest in the Eastern Church is proved by his close connection with the Eastern Church Association.

"During my residence in Jerusalem I constantly received from his Lordship monetary assistance to be spent as I thought fit. On most occasions these most welcome offerings were devoted to the education of very poor 'Orthodox' native boys in St. George's Day School, where they are educated with the full approval of the Patriarch of Jerusalem. Occasionally I was thankful to be able to help, through his generosity, sick members of the 'Orthodox' Church, who were unable to help themselves.

"It was my pleasure to keep the Bishop informed of what transpired in 'Orthodox' Church affairs, knowing how deeply interested he always was in everything that concerned the spiritual welfare of the Holy Eastern Church."

A disagreeable experience which the Bishop

had in connection with one of his visits to the Holy Land may be worth relating, if only as a warning to those who may find themselves in a somewhat similar position to that which he occupied when he fell into what proved to be a snare.

During his visit to Palestine in 1875 (while still only in Priest's Orders) the Bishop, or Mr. Haldane-Chinnery as he was then, accompanied by a friend stayed in the Latin hospice at one of the sacred localities. The Père Gardien, an Italian, had lived in England, and spoke English perfectly. He received his guests with cordial courtesy, and to him Mr. Haldane-Chinnery exhibited, by way of credentials, letters of introduction from two Anglican bishops, and also his Letters of Orders issued by the Bishop of Salisbury. This document testified (in the usual terms) that the person referred to in it had been ordained priest according to the rites of the Church of England. Much agreeable intercourse ensued; in the course of it the Père learned that his clerical guest was married; his knowledge of English ways enabled him to hear this without surprise, and he was, of course, prepared to find that his guest wished to attend the local Anglican Chapel, to which he showed the way with ready courtesy.

Mr. Haldane-Chinnery had with him everything necessary for celebrating the Holy Eucharist; this he intended to do privately in his own room, his friend assisting. The Père Gardien knew of this intention, and had the room specially arranged for the service; but he suggested that his guest should rather make use of the Latin Altar at the

local shrine. His offer being accepted, he supplied some things for use at the service. The Celebration took place, the Scotch Office being used; the service was said audibly and, of course, in English; Mr. Haldane-Chinnery's friend served him and received Holy Communion in Both Kinds in the usual way. Two friars praying at the shrine were present during part of the service.

Subsequently the guests took their departure; their dismissal was as cordial as their reception had been; the Père Gardien complimented them on their superiority in devout demeanour to many other Anglican travellers, and he presented Mr. Haldane-Chinnery with his portrait, to which he appended his signature (the photograph lies before me as I write); all kinds of farewell courtesies were exchanged. The matter seemed at an end. As there had been nothing confidential or clandestine in the offer of the use of the Altar or in its acceptance the Bishop in future years frequently mentioned the circumstance to those likely to feel interested in it.

No one endowed with the smallest modicum of good sense could regard the Père Gardien's act as in any way an official recognition of the lawfulness of the Anglican position on the part of Roman authority; it simply testified to the personal desire on the part of an individual Roman Catholic clergyman to be civil to an Anglican priest. But among those who heard the story of the Père's obliging conduct, from the Bishop himself in private conversation, was a clergyman who eventually seceded to Rome and was reordained. This

man (in 1883), after his secession, thought it worth while to try to procure some official repudiation of the Père Gardien's conduct from the Roman authorities, and so far succeeded that (one can only suppose from authoritative pressure brought to bear on him) the unhappy Gardien put forth a statement affirming that the privileges which he had accorded were granted under the impression that his guest was an ecclesiastic in communion with Rome. This audacious excuse was published in a Glasgow newspaper and elsewhere. In reply the Bishop wrote a temperate letter, which duly appeared, pointing out that the Père Gardien's assertion was in irreconcilable contradiction with facts. To these facts no answer was possible.

With his usual gracious charity the Bishop would never allow the treacherous Père Gardien to be spoken of harshly. He said that he had regarded him as a friend, and that he was sure he had been forced by his superiors (whoever they might be) for reasons of policy to write what he knew to be not true; perhaps he could hardly help himself. We may feel contempt for a system of morals which condones fast and loose dealing with truth in the supposed interests of religion, but we should rather pity than scorn a good man who was perhaps more the victim of the system than its willing accomplice. Thus the Bishop excused his false friend.

The sequel of this disagreeable history is instructive. The clergyman who, through treacherous use of what had been related to him in the confidence of friendly intercourse, endeavoured to put

the Bishop into a painful and false position, left the Roman Communion, apostatized from the Faith, became a Unitarian, married, and went to one of the colonies to found a congregation of the sect to which he had given his adherence.

The moral of the whole story is perhaps this—that the more cautious Anglican priests are in accepting apparent tokens of fellowship from Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, so much the better. Roman Catholics might also draw some not superfluous lessons for themselves from the story; but it is not my place to indicate what these might be.

Falsehoods and calumnies sometimes die hard, and I have thought it worth while to give the true version of the affair related above, as only a short time before the Bishop's decease I had to reply to the question, "Did not your Bishop once say Mass at a Roman Altar abroad, having led people to think he was a Roman priest?" Those who knew the Bishop know that such an act of mean dissimulation would have been utterly impossible to him; but all did not know him.

Photo: Kate Pragnell.

APRIL, 1902.

From last set of portraits taken.

CHAPTER XII

THE END—1905–1906

When in October, 1905, it was announced that the Bishop of Argyll was stricken down by a mortal malady, the news created something like consternation in the general circle of his friends and acquaintances. It was a bolt from the blue. It was but yesterday that he was seen going here or there in much his usual health.

But the tragic crisis did not thus take by surprise the few who had known and observed his life more intimately during the previous years. The thought of their hearts rather was, "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me." Shortly after all was over, I said to the one who knew the Bishop's life, and understood him, better than any one else, "I have seen slow suicide going on for years." And the reply I received was, "And so have I."

The fact was that the Bishop drew lavishly without calculation of the certain effect, and without the smallest regard for economy, on the physical resources of a splendid constitution. This uncalculating expenditure was all for the glory of God, and for the good of his neighbour; never to secure advantage or pleasure for himself. He was like

a millionaire who might treat his large funds as inexhaustible, but who would inevitably find that even they had their limit. On whatever you may spend your means you have only to be lavish long enough and your money will come to an end. And so it is with physical strength (at all events, after the earlier years of life), it does not grow by usage. All this the Bishop ignored.

For some years disquieting signs had been observed. At times he would look like a worn-out old man—twenty years older than his actual age; this would pass off, and his normal appearance would return. Anxieties, public and private, depressed him more than used to be the case; the cheerful optimism, which at one time always enabled him to give importance to the brighter rather than to the darker aspect of things, seemed to be losing its influence. The cause of all this was evident. He was over-doing; he was over-taxing himself mentally and physically; but nothing would induce him to recognize this, remonstrance was simply thrown away. He saw what he considered he ought to do, and he would do it; the cost to himself he ignored. Was this very unlike the mind of St. Paul, as revealed to us in his epistles?

The way in which he spent May Day in the fateful year, 1905, will give an idea of the extent to which he taxed mind and body. During the week in which that day occurred the Representative Church Council held its meetings in Aberdeen. The Sunday saw the Bishop confirming at Campbeltown, which, as the crow flies, is some one hundred

and eighty miles distant from Aberdeen. On the following morning he celebrated in the church at 6.30 a.m., and after a hasty breakfast in his hotel, took boat to Glasgow, where he joined the train to Aberdeen, arriving there about 6 p.m. The journey was by no means restful to him, for at the different stoppages he went from carriage to carriage to confer with those bound for Aberdeen on the same errand as himself. He had taken no refreshment of any kind since breakfast; in Aberdeen he dined, and after dinner attended a lengthy service and sermon; this over, he retired to his hotel, where he sat up till the small hours of the morning writing letters. This is but a specimen of many days frequently spent in a similar way. It must be remembered that these days were thus spent by a man over sixty, in the course of a life of incessant occupation.

Already the shadow of coming doom was beginning to fall on him. In the early summer of that year he complained of feeling done, and said that he felt he needed a rest, an unheard-of confession on his part. Pains in the chest came on, and he submitted to a thorough examination by a trusted physician. The verdict was, "There is not a sounder man in Scotland." He was told that all his organs were in excellent condition, that he was suffering from overwork in mind and body, that his pains were the result of indigestion caused by imprudent dieting. But in his own mind the Bishop was not convinced; he had an intuitive suspicion of the real cause of his malady.

In July he was in London for the christening

of his little grand-daughter, his eldest son's second child. Thence he went to pay a visit to his sister in Eastbourne, and then returned to Scotland. On August 16 he wrote to me from Alltshellach, "I don't feel well, and occasionally of late have put up little clots of blood, but the doctor cannot detect any disease. My recent sedentary life has not been good, nor the many perplexing letters. But I hope to get a rest and change in October."

I replied in a letter expressing the affectionate anxiety I naturally felt. And he answered me, under date September 7, from Perth, whither he had gone to attend an Episcopal Synod, "The reason of my silence has not only been my weakness, and press of work, but because I could not bring myself to answer words of such kindness in a hurry. But I am *driven* to do this at last, and when we meet, please God, next week I will try to express myself more fully. . . . I did my two churches last Sunday, both of which, had I not gone to them (Duror and Portnacrois), would have had absolutely no services," etc., etc. The date of the letter also records the hour at which it was written, "1.30 a.m."! Be it remembered that all this is recorded of a man on whom the hand of death was already laid.

Next week he was with us in Cumbrae for the annual Retreat; the conductor was Canon Gough, of Newcastle, and the Bishop felt that the meditations and addresses that were given to us were a real spiritual edification and comfort; but though he forced himself to be present at them, and at the accompanying services, as far as he could compel

himself to do so, his physical state was pitiable. The pangs came on with dreadful power, and he was forced to lie down from time to time, and just to endure. This he did with all the patience and sweetness possible. We, in the meantime, quite on the wrong track, imagined the torment to be the result of indigestion, and vainly endeavoured to relieve him according to our mistaken notions.

A priest who was present at this Retreat wrote, when all was over, "I shall always feel that it was a very high privilege to have been allowed to spend those few days in his company. To see him in Church gave an inspiration, and set an example; his voice reading the lessons still lingers in my ears. How little it seemed that the hand of death was on him then."

After the Retreat the Bishop returned north to spend what was to be the last fortnight of his ordinary daily life in his beautiful home. And I shall always esteem it "a very high privilege" that I was permitted to spend it there with him. During that fortnight life at Alltshallach went on much as usual. The Bishop celebrated nearly every morning, and was daily ministering to a young tailor dying of consumption who lived near.

On Sunday (September 23) he insisted on going to take the service at Duror, six miles distant across the loch, where the Rector was lying hopelessly ill. It was with difficulty that he was persuaded to celebrate in his own chapel instead of going for that purpose to St. Bride's, which (there and back) would have meant a two miles' walk, fasting; and it took much to induce him not to

cycle to Duror, but to drive there. During the forenoon service he only escaped fainting away by rushing into the contiguous Rectory for a draught of water. The Bishop was also absent from home for a day or two at Lunga, on Loch Shuna, the seat of Major Stewart MacDougall, to dedicate the Chapel of St. Mary there; he was accompanied by his friend and chaplain, Canon Wedderburn. All this time he was subject to frequent attacks of the terrible pain.

As these attacks became neither fewer in number, nor lighter in character, it was agreed that he should see an eminent physician in Edinburgh, with whom an appointment was made for an early day in October.

He was to start for Edinburgh on Monday, October 1; on Friday a telegram arrived requesting the Bishop to attend in Oban on the ensuing Tuesday, to administer Confirmation to a nurse, who with difficulty had secured an opportunity for receiving that Sacrament. In the family circle exclamations at once arose, "Impossible!" "Of course you can't go!" The only thing that seemed to distress the Bishop was that such exclamations should be made. Quietly and firmly he said, "Of course I shall go; it is a duty, and I have no choice; I know all the circumstances, and I shall be glad to go." A happy suggestion was made, by which the Confirmation was enabled to take place without altering the Bishop's arrangements. But even the more accommodating plan involved a long drive on the Saturday, which the Bishop cheerfully undertook. The whole man was summed up in

this one incident. Not even the most pressing demands of personal health and comfort could be allowed to stand in the way of an opportunity of ministering to a spiritual need.

On the Sunday before he left for Edinburgh, after celebrating in his chapel, the Bishop succumbed to so severe a collapse that it really seemed as if the end had come; he revived, however, sufficiently to be able to journey the next day.

The Edinburgh physician only said what had been said before, the patient was organically sound, but was overwrought; he advised a "rest cure," residence for some time in a Nursing Home, with a carefully ordered diet. This, he hoped, would put things right in the course of a month or two. So the Bishop (who all this time was accompanied by Mrs. Chinnery-Haldane) set out for the south, in search of a suitable place for the rest cure.

In passing through London he saw one of his most intimate friends, who tells what occurred as follows: "When he came to London the *last* time, as usual he asked me to dinner. Next morning I carried him off to see Dr. *Z.* He had clean forgotten that I had done this same thing a few years before. The doctor remembered him at once, and eventually the Bishop recalled the fact. Dr. *Z.* had advised him most strongly to make more use of a chaplain as secretary or to employ a secretary to relieve him of such correspondence as could be done in this way."

At this (second) interview, Dr. *Z.* only echoed the opinions already given, but he did add, that he was not satisfied that all was right with the lungs;

he did not seem, however, to fear that there was any deadly mischief there. The Bishop then went to stay with his sister at Eastbourne, while the desired Nursing Home was looked for. But meanwhile the agony of the pains became almost intolerable.

During this dreadful time he wrote to me as follows (October 18): "Excuse my silence and this short letter, as my strength has reached a low ebb. It is strange to realize the change since this day week. But I hope the tide will turn when I get into the 'Home,' where I am soon to be. I have done what the late Bishop did at the end of his reign, under similar circumstances, and have appointed the Dean as 'Commissary and Administrator.' This will relieve me of almost all anxiety and responsibility. Of course, I cannot be at the Provincial Synod, etc. I know I may hope for your *private* prayers, especially at the Showing of the Lord's Death. I don't think the time for public prayers has yet come, and perhaps they may not ever be needed. Anything to avoid a needless fuss. But I am very weak and helpless *now*."

His state became so distressing that a local physician was called in; he soon suspected something of the real state of the case, and advised a return to Dr. Z. for a more exhaustive examination. This was done, the Röntgen rays were applied; the doctor discovered that there certainly was a growth on the lungs; operation was impossible; he believed that the patient had at most a fortnight to live.

All this happened between October 21 and 22,

(Saturday and Sunday); the *arrêt de mort* was not at once communicated to the patient. The intimate friend above referred to may here take up the pathetic story. (On Monday, 23rd) "I went to the Nursing Home to see him, and found a letter from Dr. Z. saying that there was no doubt it was cancer, and that nothing could be done, and asking me to break it to him. I went up, and the Bishop said, 'I don't like all this uncertainty, I wish they would tell me what it is.' I said, 'Would you really like to know?' He said, 'Yes.' I gave him the doctor's letter. He read it, put it down, clasped his hands, and said, 'Thank God! I am so glad to know.' And at once he said he would like to go and die in Scotland. I saw him off at Euston next morning, and helped to carry him to the carriage in the train. . . . At the last moment, I walked in, and up to him, gave him a kiss on the forehead, and said 'Good-bye!'"

Dr. Z. had said that the journey to Scotland, if undertaken at all, must be undertaken at once. He even feared that it might prove too much for the patient. So before the start on Tuesday morning, the Bishop was visited by his valued friend, Mr. Suckling (of St. Alban's, Holborn), who heard his confession, anointed, and communicated him. Thus prepared for all events he left Euston in an invalid carriage, accompanied by Mrs. Chinnery-Haldane, a friend of hers, and a trained nurse. As the journey proceeded, he warned the nurse not to let him be asleep when the border between England and Scotland was to be crossed; he must see and know when he passed for the last

time into the native land of his family. His wish was, of course, respected, and when the border was at hand, he was raised in bed that he might see the country through the carriage windows. When the crossing was over, he repeated three times the *Gloria Patri*, and added, "Now nothing can ever take me out of my beloved Scotland again."

After an excellent journey he reached Edinburgh at about 7 p.m. Here doctor and friends had all in readiness for his arrival. An ambulance carriage took the Bishop to a Nursing Home, where he remained for a week, and thence was removed to the Roxburghe Hotel in Charlotte Square.

With the arrival in Edinburgh began a period of three weeks which those who went through it will always remember as one of the strangest experiences of their lives.

As the news spread of the Bishop being in Edinburgh, in a dying state, it brought expressions of sympathy, esteem, and affection from every quarter, from all sorts and conditions of men and women. Nearly every hour there came a visit, a message, a letter, a telegram, a gift of flowers, or some similar token of the widespread reverence and love with which the most unostentatious of Bishops was regarded by his fellow-churchmen.

To the Bishop himself these tokens of regard were gratifying to an extent that was positively oppressive. He more than once said that two things were a real burden on his mind—one thing was the thought of the goodness of God, who had blessed his life so far beyond his deserts; and

the other thing was the goodness of His servants. "Why," he asked, "should people be so kind to me? What have I done to deserve it?" He wished an humble acknowledgment of his unworthiness to be written and sent to all who had inquired after him; and more than this, he dictated and signed a general confession of his sins, which he wished made public, at least after his death; he so shrank from appearing to accept those natural expressions of esteem which visitors or inquirers made use of, and which came to his ears. It was felt by his family and friends that his wishes with regard to these voluntary humiliations had better not be carried out, for obvious reasons. The question was referred, with his consent, to a trusted adviser, who was strongly of opinion that what he desired had better not be done; and there the matter rests. But it is well to record all this, as a token of the profound humility of a saintly heart; and perhaps this brief mention of his wishes may really secure all of value that would have been attained had his confession been published.

The Bishop now felt that the time was come when he should ask for the prayers of his Diocese, and accordingly he dictated the following prayer, which was circulated for use in Divine Service. All who knew the author of the prayer were well aware that its touching expressions of humility were no mere pious pose, but it was impossible to use them in public worship. I do not suppose that the prayer was used anywhere without modification:—

"O Lord, our Heavenly Father, Almighty and

Everlasting God, look down with Mercy upon Thy weak and sinful servant, the Bishop of this Diocese; grant unto him true Repentance, and the Forgiveness of his many sins, and the help of Thy Holy Spirit in this his time of need and danger; grant him sure trust and confidence in Thy dear Son Jesus Christ our Lord, and give him some portion with Thy servants in Thy Heavenly Kingdom, through the merits of the same Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the Unity of the same Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end. Amen."

Family ties and associations had always possessed a very strong attraction for the Bishop among the lesser matters which engaged his interest; it was therefore with pleasure and gratitude that he received from his kinsman, the Earl of Camperdown, a message of kindness and sympathy, with the offer, should his malady end fatally, of a last resting-place at Gleneagles, where many ancestors of the Haldane family lie buried. This offer greatly appealed to the Bishop's predilections and imagination; but he answered that he felt he must make his last resting-place in the Highlands, among those who had become "his own people;" he, however, asked that, if he passed away in Edinburgh, his corpse might repose, on its way northward, for a night among the ashes of his ancestors in the little mortuary chapel at Gleneagles. This was to have been done, but events made it impossible for the plan to be carried out; the Bishop himself eventually relinquished all idea of it.

All during his stay in Edinburgh, the Bishop was ministered to by his faithful friend and chaplain, Canon Wedderburn, who confessed and communicated him at suitable intervals. His gentleness, patience, and incessant thought for others won all hearts. One who had the charge of nursing him, for a time, said, "I did not think that such goodness was possible."

It is seldom wise to make public letters of condolence and sympathy; such letters are naturally of a strictly private and personal character; but it is obvious that the high position of the writer gives a special significance to the letter which was received from the Archbishop of Canterbury. On representation being made to his Grace, that his letter would be read with interest and gratification by many of the Bishop's friends, he very kindly gave permission for it to be printed here. The essentially private character of the letter must not be overlooked:—

"Old Palace, Canterbury, Oct. 30, 1905.

"My dear Bishop,

"I have this moment heard of your illness. Need I tell you that you are, and will be, constantly in my prayers. You have friends everywhere who will remember you in like manner, as you would most desire to be remembered. We all owe much to your example of quiet, devoted, sustained service, and it is to me a matter of thankfulness when circumstances make it possible for a Scotchman to serve *in Scotland!* I have often had qualms on that subject. But I should, I think, have been less welcome to Scottish Churchmen than you have been! If it be indeed the case that

your earthly ministry is drawing to its close, your *Nunc Dimittis* will have much about it of the *Te Deum* too. May God have you in His keeping.

"I am, most truly yours,

"RANDALL CANTUAR."

It was during the sojourn in Edinburgh that a friend sent the Bishop water from Lourdes to drink, in the hope of a miraculous recovery. He declined, because he could not be sure, he said, that what was said about Lourdes could claim Catholic sanction, and (to quote his own words) not because of "any want of the deepest veneration for, and devotion to, our Blessed Lady." He added, "I should wish this to be known."

But this time of waiting in Edinburgh, brightened as it was by such unceasing tokens of love and sympathy, was a time of unspeakable anxiety to us who were watching round the sick bed; what the anguish of it all was to the one who knew and loved the dying man better than all the rest, cannot be dwelt on, *this* must be passed over in reverent silence. The doctor's death sentence, "Only a fortnight to live," sounded continuously like a knell in one's mental ear. Yet the end did not seem to be drawing nearer. The days rose and faded away, the nights came and at last passed, and there was no perceptible change for better or for worse. The tension was dreadful. At length the fatal term was over; still no change.

When the second week in the hotel was drawing to its close, and there was no sign of any change, and it became increasingly uncertain how long this

state of things might last, it was asked, Could the dear sufferer be removed safely to his own home, to await the end there? The Edinburgh doctor who had charge of the case, said that there was no reason whatever why this should not be attempted. Thanks to skilful arrangements promptly made, with the ready and obliging co-operation of railway and other officials, the transit was not only attempted but was successfully accomplished. On the afternoon of Monday, November 13, the Bishop found himself comfortably in bed in his own home, where the library had been prepared for his reception. He lay, facing a bow window, through which he could see, on the other side of the loch, a panorama of the mountains he loved.

The Bishop's return excited much interest and pleasure among the people of the place. They would not believe that he had only come back to die. No, was the general cry, we shall soon see the Bishop walking about among us, just as before! But this was not to be.

The excitement of the journey, and the pleasure of finding himself in his own home, brightened the patient up for a few days, but he soon fell back into what became a normal condition of patient weariness. By God's great mercy he suffered none of the acute agony which characterized the early stages of his malady. His mind was clear, and there was wonderfully little of that confusion of thought which is so often a result of long continued weakness and illness; his condition caused, however, what is no less one of its frequent

effects, he gradually ceased to care for nearly everything that had formerly given him pleasure. His pleasure in the music of the pipes, in the sight of the mountains, in the company of his dogs, in flowers, in pictures, forsook him, piece by piece, as it were. All he longed for was to be allowed to lie undisturbed. He said to me, "These good people are all very kind to me and take great care of me, but if they would only let me alone! Why will they insist on howking me out of my bed?" It was very pathetic; it was like the coming on all at once of the tiredness of a whole life of hard work.

But his interest was easily roused by certain things. In January there came on the time when the Diocesan Synod should assemble; he was conscious of his inability to address to it anything in the shape of the usual Annual Charge;[1] but he dictated the following message to be read to the Synod when it met—his last words to the clergy and people whom he had been called to rule as Bishop:—

"Alltshellach, Onich, Inverness-shire, 21st Jan., 1906.

"My Rev. Brethren,

"Though unable to be with you, I am still able through our Dean (to whom I owe a deep debt of gratitude) to address a few words to you assembled together in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ (True God and True Man), Whom we love, and Whom we must try to serve in the power of the Holy Ghost, Whom He has sent

[1] From notes found among his papers after his death, it appeared that the Bishop had already commenced to sketch the plan of this Charge.

unto us from the Father, and without Whom we can do nothing.

"All Christians are called to be Prophets, Priests, and Kings unto God and our Father. This is especially true in the case of those who have been called to exercise the ministerial Priesthood. You, my brethren, are Priests indeed, called upon not only to offer up yourselves 'a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service,' but you are also called very often to celebrate the Mysteries of the Holy Eucharist, to offer up the Sacrifice in humble remembrance of His death upon the cross, who said to His Apostles: 'Do this in remembrance of Me.'

"You are also called to be Kings, rulers of His Church, not by might and power, but by precept and example.

"And you are also called upon to be Prophets indeed. This is a work that can only be performed aright by those who are filled with the Holy Ghost, Whose office it is to glorify Christ, the Blessed Master, Who said to His disciples: 'He shall glorify Me, and ye shall also bear witness.'

"This sacred ministry you can fulfil indeed by the preaching of the Gospel.

"In the light of the eternal world, I feel, my dear brethren, more and more convinced of the vital importance (for our own souls, and for the souls of those whom we may desire to benefit) of those doctrines commonly called 'Evangelical.' I do not use this word in its 'Protestant' sense, whatever that may be.

"What I mean is that in our teaching we should be determined to know nothing among those to whom we are sent but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. We should point to sin as we must see it in ourselves, and then point to Him,

nailed to the Cross, as our only hope of pardon and acceptance.

"We should point to Him risen from the dead as our assurance of eternal life, and we should point to Him ascended into heaven that He might be our Advocate with the Father, as well as the Propitiation for our sins, 'the Lamb upon His throne,' to Whom be all glory for ever and ever.

"And now farewell, my beloved brethren. I would commend you to the grace of the Lord and Saviour, of Whom I have spoken, to the love of God our Father, and to the help and protection of the Holy Ghost, now and for evermore. Amen.

"ALEX."

Mention may here be made of a singular bequest which he made to his brother Bishops. He desired that in his name a copy of "Streaks of Light" should be sent to each of them, with this inscription:—

"I should like a copy of 'Streaks of Light' to be sent to each of the Bishops.

"'Streaks of Light' may seem a strange gift for Bishops, but Bishops and Sunday-school scholars are in very much the same position. They must grow in the knowledge and love of the Lord Jesus. I have never got beyond this little book. People say it is a child's book, but it has been my companion and help for many years."

"Streaks of Light" (many will need telling) is one of "The Peep of Day Series" of books narrating the Gospel Story in almost baby language. Surely a more singular bequest was never made by a Bishop to Bishops. But the message by which

it was accompanied leaves little doubt what the thought in Bishop Chinnery-Haldane's heart was: he wished as his last words to his episcopal brethren to encourage them to feel and resolve with the great Apostle, "The Greeks seek after wisdom, but we preach Christ crucified, . . . Christ the Wisdom of God. Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men. . . . I came not unto you with excellency of wisdom, for I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

The weary days lagged on; days lengthened into tedious weeks, and weeks into dreary months. No change, nor any prospect of any, for better or for worse. At last many, and even the nurses among them, began to wonder if this long lingering might not mean ultimate recovery to some degree at all events. But no, the end was drawing near though with silent footsteps, and at last it came, swiftly, gently, unexpectedly.

It was the afternoon, about 3 p.m., of Friday, February 16. The Bishop's second son, Mr. Vernon Chinnery-Haldane was with him, reading to him the letters which the post had just brought, and in the contents of which the Bishop was taking his usual quiet interest. All of a sudden, Mr. Haldane saw that his father was collapsing. He hastily called his mother, who came instantly, and the nurse, who made use of the remedies usual in such a case. By what one dare not call an accident, the eldest son, who ordinarily never visited his father at that hour, came in, as he was passing the house. The Bishop did not rally, he gave one or two gentle sighs, and

in a quarter of an hour, all was over. The Bishop had passed away as surely he would have most wished, with his family round him, and on the day, and at the hour which, for the death of a Christian, has a tender yet awe-ful consecration, on a Friday at the Ninth Hour.

The Bishop's body, attired in Eucharistic vestments, and mitred, was laid out in the chamber in which he died; the pastoral staff lay by his side. A Crucifix and lighted candles were placed at his head, flowers and other lighted candles were dispersed about the room. Hither many came to pay their last respects to the inanimate form of a beloved friend and pastor. No sooner did the news of the death go abroad, than tokens of respect and reverence poured in like a flood, wreaths of all designs, crosses and other devices, of every degree of simplicity or costliness, came in profusion. And one realized at that time the spirit and meaning of these offerings as one had not realized it before. Those who sent them had a right and natural longing to testify personally their reverence and love for the dead: in what more beautiful and appropriate way could they carry out their heart's desire? Surely, the words at the end of some obituary notices, "No flowers, by request," have a somewhat churlish sound. On the evening of Tuesday (20th) the body was coffined and conveyed to the chapel.

It was arranged that the funeral should take place on the following day, Wednesday (21st). Although the weather had been threatening and unsettled, the funeral day was one of unclouded

beauty; the sun shone brilliantly in a clear blue sky, lighting up the magnificent panorama of mountains, snow-capped, or white with snow to the foot; the wind was still, and there was a great calm.

At 8.30 a.m. the Holy Eucharist was celebrated by the Dean of the Diocese in the Bishop's chapel, in presence of the corpse; the family assisted at this service, and the Primus and Bishop Richardson (who had arrived the night before) were also present. At the same hour there was also a celebration in St. Bride's Church.

Before the time appointed for the obsequies (1.15 p.m.) a considerable crowd had assembled at Alltshellach House. When the coffin was brought outside a Collect was read by Canon Wedderburn. The procession to St. Bride's, where the interment was to take place (a short mile distant), was then formed in the following order—the local Volunteer Corps, accompanied by their pipes and drum playing Highland dirges; the Rev. K. Reid bearing a processional cross; the coffin covered with a purple pall, on which lay a superb floral cross; two priests bearing the pastoral staff and mitre of the deceased prelate; Mrs. Chinnery-Haldane supported by her two sons and accompanied by other members of the family; and a long train of neighbours and friends.

At the entrance to St. Bride's cemetery the coffin was transferred to the Dean and five other priests of the Diocese, habited in surplices and black stoles, to be borne into the church. Ready to receive the funeral procession was the Primus, in

cope and mitre, attended by a chaplain bearing his staff; he was accompanied by the Bishop of Glasgow, the Bishop of Moray, and Bishop Richardson, with their chaplains, and by others of the clergy in their surplices. After the Primus had recited the opening sentences of the Burial Office, the way into the church was led by a surpliced choir of men, preceded by a crucifer bearing a cross veiled in crape. On entering the church, the hymn "When our heads are bowed with woe" was sung. The chancel was adorned with a profusion of the wreaths and crosses of choice flowers which had been sent. The Altar was brilliant with lights, and six tall tapers of unbleached wax burned around the bier in the centre of the chancel.

After the coffin had been deposited on the bier, and the Bishops and clergy had taken their places, Psalm xc. was chanted, the Lesson was read, and then, while the hymn "On the Resurrection morning" was sung, the procession re-formed, and proceeded to the grave in the cemetery outside. At the grave the Primus and Canon Wedderburn recited the Burial Office to the end of the first prayer; two verses of the hymn "Now the labourer's task is o'er" were then sung; the Rev. A. S. MacInnes (St. Mary's, Glencoe) next said "The Collect" and "The Grace" in Gaelic, after which three verses of the metrical version of Psalm xxiii. were sung, also in Gaelic, to "Martyrdom." The Primus then pronounced the general Benediction. To conclude the solemn ceremony the late Bishop's piper, in Highland costume, played the

lament "Lochaber no more," marching to and fro at the foot of the grave.

It was calculated that, gathered within and around the church and cemetery, at least a thousand persons must have assisted at the obsequies. In recognition of the sacred link of affection and sympathy existing between the Bishop and the clergy and parish of St. Alban's, Holborn, the present Vicar, the Rev. R. A. J. Suckling, travelled expressly from London to be present at the funeral, and took his place among the surpliced clergy on the occasion. The grave was surrounded and decked by a mass of green boughs of fir and laurel, sent by the Earl of Camperdown from Gleneagles to adorn his kinsman's last resting-place.

Jesu! Who didst Thy pastor crown,
And send on him Thy blessing down,
Hear us, we pray!
Thou art Thyself the Diadem,
Radiant with many a living gem
And heavenly ray.

Proof of his love, and pledge of Thine,
He bears the mission from Thy shrine,
Thy staff to hold;
The charge of Thine own ransomed sheep
Which Thee the Father gave to keep,
And guard Thy fold.

He knows them all, of them is known,
He knows and goes before his own,
By stream and rock,
To lead, and sheltered pastures give;
They hear, they follow, and they live,
A gentle flock.

When one hath wandered from his sight,
He seeketh it, both day and night,
The mountains round;
And joy repayeth all his fears,
When to the fold he homewards bears
The lost and found.

Oft as the unbloody Sacrifice
He offers up, of countless price,
And shares the feast;
Himself he on the Altar lays,
And his own flock, with prayer and praise,
A holy Priest.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, from the Latin of Guillaume du Plessis de Geste, Bishop of Saintes (d. 1702).

THE END

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